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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 205
EDITORIALS:
On Exalting the President: An Open Letter..... 208
The Lion Pays a Price..... 209
The Big and the Little at Sea..... 209
Parents—Gods, Policemen, or Friends?..... 210
THE HACK DRIVER. By Sinclair Lewis..... 211
STINNES—AND STRESEMANN. By Jerome Lachenbruch..... 213
THE GALLIC WAR IN RHODE ISLAND. By Robert C. Dexter..... 215
SONG OVERHEARD ON THE HIGHWAY. By Ann Hamilton..... 216
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter..... 216
CORRESPONDENCE 217
BOOKS:
Red Man or Mongrel White? By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant..... 218
A Poet in Prison. By Miriam Allen deFord..... 219
Causeries du Dimanche. By Samuel C. Chew..... 219
Russian Masters. By Herbert J. Seligmann..... 220
War Production and Profiteers. By George Soule..... 221
The Government of France. By L. S. G..... 221
State and Nation. By Phillips Bradley..... 221
Books in Brief..... 222
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Oil Situation Today. By Herman Silverman..... 223

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FROM unimpeachable American sources come almost daily indictments of the French folly in the Ruhr. Here is General Henry T. Allen, lately commander of our army in Germany, declaring at Williamstown that changes impend in Europe "that may wreck our Western civilization"; that if the American people were "fully abreast of the horrors awaiting Europe and the irreparable injuries that must be ours by chaos on the Continent they would force action while there may yet be time." Then there comes Basil Miles, with a report to the International Chamber of Commerce which shows once more that the French occupation is netting them only one-third the coal and coke they obtained before they went into the Ruhr, and that all they get is from stocks on hand, which will be exhausted "in four or five months." "The idea," he says, "that the French can produce Ruhr coal, coke, and steel without the cooperation of German labor and management is fantastic." Irving T. Bush, lately president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, pleads upon his return from Europe: "Let me say very frankly that what France needs now is not to have us shout 'Vive la France,' not to kiss her on both cheeks and weep with her, but to push some sound business sense into her. Carried to its logical conclusion, the French policy . . . will bankrupt her, it will break her back, it will bring upon her certain destruction."

WHEN Northern newspapers make remarks about a Southern lynching it is not uncommon to find Southern newspapers suggesting by way of retort that outsiders "keep their hands off." Great Britain occasionally exhibited similar feeling in regard to American comments on the "purely domestic" issue of Ireland. We are all more or less given to resenting outside comment on our misdeeds, and to assuming that our resentment somehow answers and effectively disposes of any given bill of complaints. Yet when Ambassador Geddes tells us, in the form of a report to the British Foreign Secretary, that the accommodations for aliens at Ellis Island are wholly inadequate and the methods in use unsatisfactory, it will not do merely to reply that Sir Auckland Geddes is a Britisher. From reports by American investigators as well as from persons who have watched the insane turmoil created on the first of each month by the workings of the immigration law it is evident that conditions on the Island are thoroughly bad. Ambassador Geddes's concrete suggestions for improving the equipment and the methods sound reasonable and moderate; and proposals from other sources regarding the limitation of numbers either by the steamship companies or by American consuls should be considered. But even before such changes can be accomplished a miracle of improvement could be wrought by eliminating some of the heartbreaking regimentation that makes immigrants to the United States feel, no matter what the quality of their bedding and their food, that they are considered as little more than a herd of helpless driven cattle.

SO the President has chosen C. Bascom Slemp of Virginia as his private secretary. Lately Congressman from that State, he was caught red-handed in disposing postmasterships in return for cold cash. You drew a postoffice and then you got a letter, not from Mr. Slemp—oh, dear, no—but from his private secretary, explaining that the Congressman had worked very hard to put this over, and that party expenses were costly. These epistles wound up with "please remit," $60 or $200 or $250. Of course, when the exposure came Mr. Slemp was quite certain that his secretary and others who wrote these letters had acted entirely without his knowledge. But somehow this never quite satisfied Congress; it may have had some effect upon his constituents, for he is no longer in Congress, and we have yet to hear that anybody returned to anybody any of the sums so collected. So far as the President is concerned we are not surprised by the appointment. Our guess is that Mr. Coolidge will not be found to be lacking in knowledge of, or skill in, the political game, and that he will be an exceedingly astute candidate for the Presidential nomination next year unless his own mistakes and the trend of the times compel the leaders to seek a new "leader." Mr. Coolidge rose as a Massachusetts politician through the party machine. Anyone who has done that need never be accused of being a tenderfoot or an idealist in politics.

AMERICAN news agencies and newspapers cannot afford full-time correspondents at Manila, and the cabled news almost inevitably comes either from writers on papers closely attached to the governor-general's administration or from subordinate officials dependent upon his good will.

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When General Wood denounces the native opposition we hear of it in full; but we find it difficult to discover the other side. In his latest blast upon the conduct of the Philippine National Bank we have to read between the Governor's own lines. When, however, we find his expert reporting against the continuation of the bank because he is opposed to government ownership, and the Governor condemning the bank because it "undermines private initiative" and is "contrary to the Government's policy of getting the Government out of business," we can make a pretty good guess. General Wood is acting in the interest of the American companies which want to make Philippine industry an economic province of Wall Street, and the Filipino leaders are trying to maintain a degree of economic independence. When you have analyzed the dispute into those terms you do not have to read much further. The question whether native mismanagement or the world sugar crisis—which also put out of business every private bank in Cuba which did not have outside support—was responsible for the difficulties of the Philippine National Bank does not need to be answered. Your conclusion depends upon whether you approve or dread the trend to put into the hands of a few financiers world-power beyond the dreams of Alexander, Napoleon, or any modern ruler.

CUBA too is having a hard time. First there was the lottery which she reestablished against General Crowder's advice. We cannot take that as a very serious crime. The Cubans will some day learn that a lottery is a poor way to make money, but, after all, they are Latins with Latin habits and might be allowed the privilege of deciding such matters for themselves. France, Italy, and Spain all have state lotteries; Anglo-Saxon Queensland has a lottery the proceeds of which go to child welfare work; and our own Louisiana lottery carried on long after the close of the Spanish-American War.

MORE difficult is the question of the Tarafa railroad bill. The Cuban Legislature has passed an act providing for consolidation of the Cuban railway system, and putting exceptionally high taxes on products exported over private railways through private ports unless the owners of these roads will come into the consolidation plan. There are, it seems, some forty-seven private ports owned by American sugar companies, through which about one-third of Cuba's sugar is exported. It is admitted that under the Tarafa plan railway schedules could be more efficiently maintained, exchange of rolling stock facilitated, and various economies of operation made possible. It is also admitted that the sugar companies controlling the private ports pay the officials supervising them, that violations of the Cuban customs laws constantly occur at them, and that Chinese are frequently smuggled from them into the United States. But the American property-owners of course protested loudly to Washington, and Washington, always responsive to the call of oppressed property, immediately asked the Cuban Government to hold up the bill, accompanying this diplomatic protest by a press barrage threatening intervention. Thereupon another group of American investors, interested in Cuban railroads, issued a counter-protest. We know very little of the merits of the Tarafa bill—it sounds like an honest attempt to end special privileges—but we should like to see it settled as a Cuban question, not by Washington acting as the agent of anybody else.

MEXICAN and American commissioners have signed the minutes of their meetings and reached agreement upon many of the issues at stake, but it is not yet certain that recognition will result nor is it clear precisely what has been agreed upon. All that is sure is that the American delegates have sought to force Mexico to agree to an American interpretation of American property rights in Mexico. The Mexican delegates have accepted the principle that the constitution of 1917 is not retroactive, thereby confirming American oil rights acquired prior to that date. The Mexican law, however, with its drastic provisions regarding subsoil rights, is recognized as henceforth valid. The cables are conflicting regarding the division of landed estates. Some local governments in Mexico have carried the policy of dividing up the large estates so far that every peasant now has his own land, and the landlords, even when they have plenty of land left to work, cannot find men to work for them. This is the crux of Mexico's new policy. It is important not because of the amount of territory involved—in the first two years of the Obregon Administration only 4,400 square miles was allotted, and the entire program affects only 16,000 square miles—but because in this policy of making Mexico a republic of landowners lies the hope of a free Mexico. If the Obregon Government surrenders on this—as some of the dispatches seem to indicate—it will pay far too high a price for recognition.

JUST what the Irish Free State will do with Eamonn De Valera now that it has him in jail is a problem. Presumably he will go on a hunger strike, and if he sticks it out they will have to release him as they did Mary MacSwiney, or make an eternal martyr of him as the British did of Terence MacSwiney. De Valera in prison is worth more to the Republican cause than De Valera free. The only possible defense of the Free State treaty is that it allows Ireland a greater measure of freedom than it would be possible to win except by prolonged and bloody civil war—if then; and when the Free State keeps ten thousand Irishmen in jail it strikes at the root of its own position. We have believed the Free State worth a trial; but the Free Staters make that faith difficult. The coming election was to have revealed the opinion of Ireland; but when the Government jails its chief political opponent the election can hardly be called free.

SECRETARY WORK'S latest defense of his action in ousting Arthur Powell Davis from the post of Director of the Reclamation Service will not satisfy the engineers who have been so vehemently protesting to him. The facts in the case are now a matter of record. Mr. Davis, an eminent engineer, had been in the service for thirty-five years and his work had been entirely satisfactory. Without warning Secretary Work called him into his office and asked for his resignation. When Mr. Davis gave it in a form which made plain that it had been requested Secretary Work asked him to rewrite it, concealing that pertinent fact. Mr. Davis refused. Dr. Work thereupon explained that the service required a business man rather than an engineer in the post and named an Idaho politician, Mr. D. W. Davis. This new Davis's record as a "business man" consisted in service as a grocery clerk, followed by a few years of unsuccessful banking (his bank failed) and a term as Republican governor of Idaho. The position of Director of the Reclamation Service was under the civil-service rules,

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and the new Mr. Davis possibly could not have passed the examinations required by law for the post. Dr. Work abolished the post of *Director* and created a new one, *Commissioner* of the Reclamation Service, which had the same functions but dispensed with civil-service requirements, enabling the new Mr. Davis to hold it. Dr. Work, by using his office for partisan ends, lessens the attractiveness of all government service to the kind of experts it needs.

MEN are still rotting in jail in these United States for having given utterance to opinions which those in control of our national and of some of our State governments believed dangerous to our established political and industrial institutions. They are in jail for opinion's sake —not for the commission of any act of crime. The time has gone when this violation of civil liberty can be excused on the ground of a national or world crisis; the outrage stands forth today stark and bare, an attempt to control the expression of opinion in this country. From time to time a few men have been released, perhaps with the hope of thus stifling agitation for freedom of speech but scores are still kept behind prison walls. Every prisoner for opinion's sake is a denial of the claim that this is a country of freemen. Small wonder that a statesman from the Orient looking at the cracked old Liberty Bell in Philadelphia asked "Is Liberty cracked too?" or that a Frenchman remarked, when passing the Statue of Liberty, that "In France, too, we build statues in honor of our dead heroes."

IS the United States Government acting as the agent of Mussolini's dictatorship? When Carlo Tresca claimed, several weeks ago, that it was the influence of Prince Caetani, the Italian Ambassador, which caused a July issue of his anti-fascist weekly, the *Martello,* to be barred from the American mails, the charge seemed incredible. It seemed beyond belief that our American post-office should so prostitute itself as to interfere with the freedom of the press here upon Italian instructions. The French Government before the war, bound up as it was with the Czar's financial regime, used to act as the agent of the Russian secret police, but one would hardly expect this republic to copy so detestable a policy. However, Carlo Tresca was arrested on August 14, charged with publishing obscene matter, because of an article which appeared in the issue of his paper for May 5. Copies of this paper had meanwhile traveled to Italy; and the article protested was one called "Down with the Monarchy." The so-called obscenity consisted of rather impudent references to the motives and circumstances which determine royal marriages.

WHEN Lloyd George went out of office last November it was a common prediction in this country—much more so than in England—that "he'll soon come back." Today the prospect of his return to power seems more remote than ever. The English people have little more use for him now than for Lord Rosebery or Horatio Bottomley. Critical as the international situation may be, nobody is calling for "the little Welsh wizard" to show the way out. Over the present House of Commons he casts no spell. He sits there no longer as a master of legions, but as the leader of a small group, whose members are one by one drifting away from him and transferring their allegiance to the Conservative Party. For many months before the fall of the Coalition, the question asked by many who would gladly have got rid of him was: "But who is there to take his place?" In the light of what has happened since, it seems almost incredible that such a problem could ever have been seriously posed. Neither Bonar Law nor Stanley Baldwin possesses the oratorical gifts of Lloyd George nor his skill in the rapid improvisation of policies, but these less brilliant men have qualities of character in which he is lamentably deficient, and in the long run character tells. His reputation, too, has steadily dwindled in proportion as the test of time has shown the flimsiness of his boasted statesmanship. The disappearance of the last scrap of his "Doomsday Book" has taken the halo from his career as a social reformer, while one has only to mention the Treaty of Versailles—to say nothing of the Treaty of Lausanne—to realize how short-sighted and pretentious were his achievements in the world of international affairs.

"ITS editors will be Mr. George Jean Nathan and Mr. H. L. Mencken"—that announcement is quite enough to assure an eager audience for a new American monthly review. "The point of view that it will seek to maintain will be that of the civilized minority"—that but repeats the announcement that Mencken and Nathan will edit the *American Mercury.* There is no team to compare with them in present-day letters. Find fault with them as one may—and it is not difficult to pick holes in their armor—no two men in America today are doing more to stir the youth in the colleges and out of them to independent, critical, creative thinking than Mencken and Nathan. The fact that Alfred A. Knopf will publish the new review gives the added assurance that its typography and make-up will be at once modern and distinguished. The monthlies are picking up. The recent announcement that Henry Goddard Leach has taken over the *Forum* means a new fair-mindedness and thoughtfulness, and a return to the fine old traditions of that veteran of American journalism.

WHEN the editor of *The Nation* was in college, it came about that a certain undergraduate secret society chose to initiate into its mysteries and fellowship a member of the Cabot family. Known for the public character of its rites and their power to take the sublimity out of any sophomore, the society took this particularly interesting candidate, placed him on what was then the most frequented corner in Boston, decorated him with a large pasteboard reading I AM A CABOT, and kept him there throughout the daylight hours. If we mistake not, this same Cabot is one of the members of his family who has just protested, in vain, to a Philadelphia judge who had before him the application of Harry and Myrtle Kabotchnik to change their name to Cabot. Now we should have thought that this indicated a most praiseworthy desire on the part of these Slavs, of a race which Charles Steinmetz has just declared will shortly rule the world and triumph upon the ruins of Anglo-Saxon civilization, to become 100 per cent Americans, and to stamp that Americanism with an authenticity beyond question—at least in the land of the cod. The judge apparently thought so, too, for he granted the petition, though he might have insisted upon their being Kabots and not Cabots. But the Cabots are outraged to their depths. Their name is their property and theirs alone. We suggest to them that they take a leaf out of the undergraduate book. Why should they not each wear a neat little badge, decorated with a codfish, and marked: "I am a *real* Cabot"?

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On Exalting the President: An Open Letter

To Major J——— S———
DEAR SIR:

WE are in receipt of your letter saying you are "shocked" by reading in a recent issue of *The Nation* an "attack" upon the President of the United States and one upon Messrs. Hughes and Hoover. "At a time like the present," you declare, "every good citizen ought to do his utmost to uphold our new President." Anything else is, in your judgment, not only "bad taste" but "unpatriotic." Our editorial you are pleased to consider "an open and flagrant abuse of free speech."

This point of view of yours interests us not a little because it is so illustrative of a type of confused thinking that is all too prevalent at this juncture. What is there in the "present time" to make an editor surrender the right of criticism? Is there anything serious in a change of Presidents because of the death of the incumbent of the office? We have been through it six times without a jar even at the hour of Lincoln's assassination. We shall certainly never experience it again under more peaceful conditions than exist in these United States today. Then why should anybody be called upon "to his utmost" to "uphold" our new President? There is no crisis in existence or in sight; nobody menaces the government; we are waging at this moment no war to make the world safe for democracy, or to end war; Congress is not even in session. The country in fact, was never safer for the humbugging of politicians than today. Then why in the world must one refrain from criticizing the new President?

The truth is that men like yourself seem to think that the President of the United States is a king or a kaiser and so beyond criticism, not only when he succeeds to office but at all times. The President of the United States is nothing of the kind. He is a servant of the people, elected by their votes for a brief service and subject at all times to their criticism. If you knew anything about the traditions and history of your country you would know that nobody was subjected to more criticism than George Washington, even when the country was on the verge of war with France. It was the object of the founders to differentiate the Presidency in every way from the position held by the King of England, and to divest it of all attributes of majesty. Their ideal was that of a Cincinnatus leaving his plow for a period of public service and then returning to it. The founders, as the debates show, never dreamed of exalting their chief servant above criticism, if only because they knew that criticism is the greatest safeguard of the Republic; remove that, and the citizens are helpless against their own creatures in office. The fact that President Coolidge has reached his office by the accident of a widely-lamented death throws no veil of sanctity about him, establishes no close season for public criticism, and in no wise even raises a question whether such criticism is in [illegible]d or in bad taste, or is patriotic or unpatriotic.

Indeed, there are several facts about Mr. Coolidge's rise to his high office by one of those myths we Americans love to build up about our public men, which make truth-telling at this time particularly necessary, for these myths constantly mislead the public and lead to frequent, disheartening, faith-destroying disillusionment. There is no more important duty, in our judgment, for an honest and truth-serving journalist than to set forth the truth about every public man. Certainly his duty is to the American people that they may be informed, and only very secondarily to the man who has just assumed office by the gift of the people and the intervention of fate. The time of Mr. Coolidge's accession to office was precisely the hour to make people aware of the facts as to the police strike. The editorial in *The Nation* to which you object contained, moreover, not editorial opinion of ours, but the statement of a responsible citizens' committee of Boston headed by the foremost banker in New England. If this was an "attack" upon the President, then the fault lies with the facts and not with us. It is needless to add that not only the New York *Evening Post* but numerous other journals throughout the country took this occasion to print the facts without thought that they thereby rendered themselves "unpatriotic." As for free speech, there is never any time when it can be "abused" unless it contravenes explicit statutes.

The fact is that all this undue exaltation of the office of President dates back to the day when we began our imperialistic career. It gained a tremendous currency during the World War. When setting out to destroy a kaiser we were, of course, bound to exalt our President and to clothe him with many of the panoplies and rites, such as a military guard around the White House, which were appurtenances of the Kaiser and had hitherto been deemed un-republican and un-American. As your letter proves, we are even now extending this doctrine of sanctity to Cabinet officers. You say it is wrong for *The Nation* to suggest that Messrs. Hughes and Hoover, having buncoed many thousands of their fellow-citizens into voting for President Harding on the ground that such was the surest way to get the United States into the League of Nations, ought to take the opportunity afforded by the change in the Administration and gracefully retire to private life. If your point of view controlled, it would surely be only a short time before a statute made it treasonable to criticize any Cabinet officer. We presume that you are today ablaze with rage because many newspapers have criticized Mr. Coolidge for choosing as his private secretary an office-broker and a spoils-monger.

Since men of your type of mind are impervious to the history of our own institutions and the spirit and tradition of American democracy, we can only hope that there will be elected a man of the type of Henry Ford (not that we favor Mr. Ford's candidacy). For if there should be chosen a person who would violate the traditions and the conventionalities which the modern imperialistic and big-business control of America is building up about our public officials, solely in the interest of increasing the power of authority and further buttressing the present rotting social order, we should see all this precious nonsense about the sanctity of a President go overboard in an hour. The very ones who, like yourself, are now shouting that office throws a mantle of holiness about any man who receives it would then be foremost in criticism and in denunciation, precisely as they now have no words to do reverence to a Magnus Johnson, a La Follette, or a Smith Brookhart. They would suddenly discover that it was the man in the Presidency that counted, not the office or its authority.

THE NATION

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The Lion Pays a Price

WHAT greater irony could fate have in store for British statesmen than that five years after they went to war—under false pretenses, it is true—to aid France and Belgium, they find themselves apparently bound and delivered to their ancient cross-Channel enemy? That is their fix today. England protests against French wickedness and folly in the Ruhr. Today France thumbs her nose at the Lion. Conscious of an army nearly five times the size of Great Britain's; able to imitate Germany and let loose a fleet of submarines at any moment; provided with a force of 5,000 airplanes vastly superior to the British in numbers and in personnel, France is quite ready to go her own way, and is even at the point of threatening an economic war against her quondam ally. It is regrettable, of course, says Paris, to lose the ally to whom one was so grateful, and to whom one sang such paeans of praise from 1914 to 1918, and one must be polite always. But, if the parting must needs be, why, it is not England who holds the trump cards.

So the country which for centuries armed against France; which for eighty years has declined to permit an under-channel tunnel lest the French army pour through it at night—Cobden began his peace agitation in 1847 by defending France and again in 1852 he inveighed against the "vague terror" of his day; which for decades maintained a two-power naval standard at double the Gallic strength; which for generations has sung Britannia Rule the Waves, and periodically has roused her inhabitants to such a pitch of feverish fear of France as led to the great volunteer movement of mid-Victorian days, now finds herself checkmated and, from a militarist point of view, humiliated as never before. The British Lion for once cannot have his way by force. His growl no longer shakes the walls of Paris; the battlements of Calais no longer tremble when his hearts of oak and walls of steel pass slowly by on maneuvers bent. The new arts of war and the new instruments have placed the French on top. This time England fears in truth; this time the invasion of England is possible—through the air; today the dream of Bonaparte is nearer realization than ever before. In deciding to destroy her German commercial rival, Great Britain played into France's hands. She can no longer enact her old role of wielding a balance of power in Europe because the old Russia is gone, Germany is prostrate, and Austria is dismembered. France no longer dreads a British threat of war because she knows, and all the world knows, that London wants no more bombing; that the British people, struggling against a cruel business depression and against sickening and palsying unemployment, with their fleets of peace rusting at their anchors, have no more stomach and no more treasure for a fight. The Gallic cock may crow as never before.

Now from many points of view this is not a bad situation, if it means that, as the Germans have turned to passive resistance against which the French army has been as useless as a painted ship upon a painted ocean, the British statesmen will now have to try other means to bring France to her senses than the rattling of the sword and the mobilizing of fleets. We are heartily glad that England is impotent, precisely as we rejoice that no German scientist has invented a scientific way of destroying the French cities from an automatic airplane station in the suburbs of Berlin. Such a liberation would merely emphasize the rule of force. We want Germany treated in the spirit of the Good Samaritan and restored to her rightful place as a member of the human family, misled once, but on the road to democracy and humility and sanity today. We want France brought to a realization of the utterly detestable and unethical character of her conduct since the Treaty of Versailles. But we have only one prayer, and that is that these things may be brought about by the arts of peace, by sound and calm reasoning, by the marshaling of economic power, and by the pressure of world opinion.

So, we repeat, we cannot grieve that England cannot fight; that her statesmen are not in a position to threaten a war, or lightly and mistakenly to throw the fate of their people into another struggle, as they lightly and mistakenly threw it in 1914 by reason of secret agreements, lied about in the Commons and carefully concealed from the people themselves. It is humiliating, from the old-fashioned diplomatic point of view, for England to be bound and delivered to her ancient enemy, but the lesson is not to arm additionally, or to engage in another struggle which must result in the ruin of all concerned, but to turn to the weapons of the spirit reinforced by the possibility of isolating the erring French by international agreement and international cooperation. Militarily the British are today hopelessly inferior; yet they are, in the matter of the reconstruction of Europe, more powerful than ever before because they have never been more firmly intrenched in *sanity, wisdom, humanity, and justice—nor more strongly* fortified by economic truths.

The Big and the Little at Sea

DESPITE the fame of the Leviathan and the Majestic and all the rest of the ocean giants, the supremacy of the big ships is not complete, nor is their future domination unchallenged. We all know how in war time the tiny submarine drove the monster battleship into hiding. Today the largest liners are the most fashionable and for a period in each year the most profitable. Then, when the winter storms begin, they run at such a loss that only a shipping tyro, like Albert Lasker, suggests any more. He wants three more Leviathans built—apparently for advertising reasons. The German steamship-men who built these giant liners of which the American and British merchant marines are now so proud, declare openly that, if the trade were to be restored over-night to the favorable pre-war conditions, they would not think of building any more floating cities but would stick to the 20,000 to 25,000 ton steamers which they are now rapidly turning out. Certainly, if the world continues in its present slough of despond, the passenger line which would build a fifty thousand tonner would be considered to have gone mad.

If there must be fast ships we may see a leaf taken out of the books of the great navies which are now turning out scout cruisers of 100,000 horse-power and thirty-four or thirty-five knots speed. Such a ship could run across the Atlantic in the summer months in four days, charging extra fare like the limited trains to those to whom haste was essential, and then in winter time could voyage slowly under half its power in order to save expense. As it is, the Mauretanias eagerly seek engagements for winter Mediter-

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ranean cruises to cut the very heavy losses of the bad months on the Atlantic. Then the smaller, more economical, and cheaper ships come into their own. The glory of the monster vessel wanes, even in the society columns.

In still another marine field the small boat challenges the larger. The remarkable Bermuda yacht race, participated in by no less than twenty-two yachts of all rigs, varying in length from 37 to 81 feet, with their auxiliary engines sealed, resulted in eighteen of them crossing the finish line within sixteen hours after the winner's appearance. This was an amazing achievement for amateurs in small boats, who encountered very rough going in the Gulf Stream, and found navigation extremely difficult in rough seas under cloudy skies. Here again the smaller boats distinguished themselves. The editor of *Yachting*, Mr. Herbert L. Stone, who inspired the race and sailed in it, writes that aside from some better luck in the winds than the big fellows, the little ones carried sail longer than their larger competitors, their skippers feeling that they could shorten sail more easily in case of necessity, while the big fellows with their bulky canvas could not afford to wait until the bad weather set in. The best record was made by Malabar IV, which won the race on corrected time. She has but forty-seven feet of length. Yet her owner and designer boasts that she was comfortable and easily handled.

Ever since the war there has been a recrudescence of faith in the small ocean-going vessels; the yachting magazines constantly record the voyages of small schooners crossing the Atlantic and exploring the South Seas. It does not take the income of a million dollars to round the globe on such a noble little schooner as lay in Gloucester Harbor last summer fitting out for a three-year cruise with but one paid hand aboard. She was built as though for the North Pole, with timbers fit for any sea and any gale, safe inboard rigging, heavy spars, no topmasts, and a powerful engine—all the comforts of home for five men within her sixty feet—and what a life! Daring, adventure by day and by night; no pressure for time and no haste—just the challenge of the elements by a floating speck on the vasty deep, with all the chances as much in her favor as those of a 250-foot yacht or a 4,000-ton bark. If the fabric is sound, and the science is there, and courage as well, one may play Columbus at will and count upon his luck.

Parents—Gods, Policemen, or Friends?

HAVE you ever tried being friends with a small child? It is being attempted in these days in thousands of American homes and in a few American schools of the "experimental" variety. We are beginning to shrink from enforcing the various gestures of authority on the one hand and of respect and obedience on the other that ordinarily make up a large part of the relationship between parents and their children and between teachers and their pupils. We are making a brave effort to go along with our children on their educational adventurings and to try the experiment of friendship with them.

And in doing this we are setting ourselves a task as hard as that of stopping wars or establishing the cooperative commonwealth.

Every day of their lives children want to commit at least fifty acts that must somehow be prevented. They wish to consume candy and cake at wrong moments. They want to play while they eat their meals. They want to go in swimming right after lunch. They want to kill harmless insects. They want to play in the dim, damp twilight zone under the front porch. Left to themselves they will commit these acts and all be friends in misdoing. If they happen to remember stray phrases of adult reasoning or adult punishment, they may stop. Solemnly, one of them may remark: "It isn't nice to pick cats up around their middles." But the thought and the sentiment must needs come from without; there is no inner grace in the treatment of cats.

And every day children balk at doing a great number of things which somehow they must be cajoled or reasoned or forced into doing. They balk at cleansings and tooth-brushings; at eating porridge or spinach or whole-wheat bread; at taking naps; at picking up their playthings. There is no use in citing the rare child that does these things without being told. That child has only learned his lesson a little better; civilization, the adult world, has more quickly changed him and stamped him and made him her own.

Superiority wrecks friendliness; and, amiably or brutally, all adults are wielders of a fatal authority. Equality is the blood and bone of friendship, and none of us, whatever our I. Q.s may be, can be the joyous equals of our children—talk the juvenile language, ask and answer the endless questions, or laugh at the humor of the very young. Until a parent can fall into sincere mirth when his offspring repeats an endless string of senseless sounds, exhilarating to the infant ear; or spend a happy morning climbing in and out of empty packing boxes—until that time comes, let him give up hope of being the friend of his child. And when that time comes, alas, he must give up hope of his own mental competence.

Of course this states both sides of the matter too baldly. If we are honest in our desire for friendship we can occasionally approach the standards of childhood and for a few moments find ourselves let into the charmed circle of equality and companionship. But such a relationship is a fragile thing, easily shattered by the exercise of even a gentle authority or the assumption of adult wisdom. Every time we say "no" to a child, and, equally, every time we say "yes," we climb out of friendship and into a region of authority and force—however disguised. We sadly put the hope of complete friendship from us—forever; for by the time our children reach an age when they conform to adult standards without direction or compulsion they have behind them years of inequality which make any sort of true intimacy acutely difficult. They will be able to make friends more easily with strangers than with their own parents.

Ordinarily child-training is looked at from the child's point of view alone; few people have analyzed the ruinous effect on adult character of the Olympian role that is forced upon parents. Children and grown-ups alike need to get away from this role, and probably the only way they can ever hope to is by getting away from each other. Bernard Shaw has suggested some admirable schemes for accomplishing this end, but unfortunately they all involve the previous establishment of an economic Utopia. Short of that we can only compromise. We can treat our children's most painfully experimental moods with a certain respect. And when we must assume the character of gods or policemen we can do it with an air of humility and humor that may dispel some of the reasonable hostility with which the young view all attempts at their betterment.

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The Hack Driver

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

I DARE say there's no man of large affairs, whether he is bank president or senator or dramatist, who hasn't a sneaking love for some old rum-hound in a frightful hat, living back in a shanty and making his living by ways you wouldn't care to examine too closely. (It was the Supreme Court justice speaking. I do not pretend to guarantee his theories or his story.) He may be a Maine guide, or the old garageman who used to keep the livery stable, or a perfectly useless innkeeper who sneaks off to shoot ducks when he ought to be sweeping the floors, but your pompous big-city man will contrive to get back and see him every year, and loaf with him, and secretly prefer him to all the high-falutin' leaders of the city.

There's that much truth, at least, to this Open Spaces stuff you read in advertisements of wild and woolly Western novels. I don't know the philosophy of it; perhaps it means that we retain a decent simplicity, no matter how much we are tied to Things, to houses and motors and expensive wives. Or again it may give away the whole game of civilization; may mean that the apparently civilized man is at heart nothing but a hobo who prefers flannel shirts and bristly cheeks and cussing and dirty tin plates to all the trim, hygienic, forward-looking life our womenfolks make us put on for them.

When I graduated from law school I suppose I was about as artificial and idiotic and ambitious as most youngsters. I wanted to climb, socially and financially. I wanted to be famous, and dine at large houses with men who shuddered at the Common People who don't dress for dinner. You see, I hadn't learned that the only thing duller than a polite dinner is the conversation afterward, when the victims are digesting the dinner and accumulating enough strength to be able to play bridge. Oh, I was a fine young calf! I even planned a rich marriage. Imagine then how I felt when, after taking honors and becoming fifteenth assistant clerk in the magnificent law firm of Hodgins, Hodgins, Berkman and Taupe, I was set not at preparing briefs but at serving summonses! Like a cheap private detective! Like a mangy sheriff's officer! They told me I had to begin that way and, holding my nose, I feebly went to work. I was kicked out of actresses' dressing-rooms, and from time to time I was righteously beaten by large and indignant litigants. I came to know, and still more to hate, every dirty and shadowy corner of the city. I thought of fleeing to my home town, where I could at once become a full-fledged attorney-at-law. I rejoiced one day when they sent me out forty miles or so to a town called New Mullion, to serve a summons on one Oliver Lutkins. This Lutkins had worked in the Northern woods, and he knew the facts about a certain timberland boundary agreement; we needed him as a witness, and he had dodged service.

When I got off the train at New Mullion, my sudden affection for sweet and simple villages was dashed by the look of the place, with its mud-gushing streets and its rows of shops either paintless or daubed with a sour brown. Though it must have numbered eight or nine thousand inhabitants, New Mullion was as littered as a mining camp. There was one agreeable-looking man at the station—the expressman. He was a person of perhaps forty, red-faced, cheerful, thick; he wore his overalls and denim jumper as though they belonged to him; he was quite dirty and very friendly, and you knew at once that he liked people and slapped them on the back out of pure easy affection.

"I want," I told him, "to find a fellow named Oliver Lutkins."

"Him? I saw him 'round here 'twa'n't an hour ago. Hard fellow to catch, though—always chasing around on some phony business or other. Probably trying to get up a poker game in the back of Fritz Beineke's harness-shop. I'll tell you, boy —— Any hurry about locating Lutkins?"

"Yes. I want to catch the afternoon train back." I was as impressively secret as a stage detective.

"I'll tell you. I've got a hack. I'll get out the old bone-shaker and we can drive around together and find Lutkins. I know most of the places he hangs out."

He was so frankly friendly, he so immediately took me into the circle of his affection, that I glowed with the warmth of it. I knew, of course, that he was drumming up business, but his kindness was real, and if I had to pay hack fare in order to find my man, I was glad that the money would go to this good fellow. I got him down to two dollars an hour; he brought from his cottage, a block away, an object like a black piano-box on wheels.

He didn't hold the door open, certainly he didn't say: "Ready, sir." I think he would have died before calling anybody "sir." When he gets to Heaven's gate he'll call St. Peter "Pete," and I imagine the good saint will like it. He remarked, "Well, young fellow, here's the handsome equipage," and his grin—well, it made me feel that I had always been his neighbor. They're so ready to help a stranger, those villagers. He had already made it his own task to find Oliver Lutkins for me.

He said, and almost shyly: "I don't want to butt in on your private business, young fellow, but my guess is that you want to collect some money from Lutkins—he never pays anybody a cent; he still owes me six bits on a poker game I was fool enough to get into. He ain't a bad sort of a Yahoo but he just naturally hates to loosen up on coin of the realm. So if you're trying to collect any money off him, we better kind of you might say creep up on him and surround him. If you go asking for him—anybody can tell you come from the city, with that trick Fedora of yours—he'll suspect something and take a sneak. If you want me to, I'll go into Fritz Beineke's and ask for him, and you can keep out of sight behind me."

I loved him for it. By myself I might never have found Lutkins. Now, I was an army with reserves. In a burst I told the hack driver that I wanted to serve a summons on Lutkins; that the fellow had viciously refused to testify in a suit where his knowledge of a certain conversation would clear up everything. The driver listened earnestly—and I was still young enough to be grateful at being taken seriously by any man of forty. At the end he pounded my shoulder (very painfully) and chuckled: "Well, we'll spring a little surprise on Br'er Lutkins."

"Let's start, driver."

"Most folks around here call me Bill. Or Magnuson. William Magnuson, fancy carting and hauling."

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"All right, Bill. Shall we tackle this harness-shop—Beineke's?"

"Yes, jus' likely to be there as anywheres. Plays a lot of poker, and a great hand at bluffing—damn him!" Bill seemed to admire Mr. Lutkins's ability as a scoundrel; I fancied that if he had been sheriff he would have caught Lutkins with fervor and hanged him with affection.

At the somewhat gloomy harness-shop we descended and went in. The room was odorous with the smell of dressed leather. A scanty sort of man, presumably Mr. Beineke, was selling a horse-collar to a farmer.

"Seen Nolly Lutkins around today? Friend of his looking for him," said Bill, with treacherous heartiness.

Beineke looked past him at my shrinking alien self; he hesitated, and owned: "Yuh, he was in here little while ago. Guess he's gone over to the Swede's to get a shave."

"Well, if he comes in, tell him I'm looking for him. Might get up a little game of poker. I've heard tell that Lutkins plays these here immoral games of chance."

"Yuh, I believe he's known to sit in on Authors," Beineke growled.

We sought the barber-shop of "the Swede." Bill was again good enough to take the lead, while I lurked at the door. He asked not only the Swede but two customers if they had seen Lutkins. The Swede decidedly had not; he raged: "I ain't seen him, and I don't want to, but if you find him you can just collect the dollar thirty-five he owes me!" One of the customers thought he had seen Lutkins "hiking down Main Street, this side of the hotel."

"Well then," Bill concluded, as we labored up into the hack, "his credit at the Swede's being *ausgewent*, he's probably getting a scrape at Heinie Gray's. He's too darn lazy to shave himself."

At Gray's barber-shop we missed Lutkins by only five minutes. He had just left—presumably for the poolroom. At the poolroom it appeared that he had merely bought a "pack" of cigarettes and gone on. Thus we pursued him, just behind him but never catching him, for an hour, till it was past one and I was hungry. Village born as I was and in the city often lonely for good coarse country wit, I was so delighted by Bill's cynical opinions on the barbers and clergymen and doctors and draymen of New Mullion that I scarcely cared whether I found Lutkins or not.

"How about something to eat?" I suggested. "Let's go to a restaurant and I'll buy you a lunch."

"Well, ought to go home to the old woman. And I don't care much for these restaurants—ain't but four of 'em and they're all rotten. Tell you what we'll do. Like nice scenery? There's an elegant view from Wade's Hill. We'll get the old woman to put us up a lunch—she won't charge you but half a dollar, and it'd cost you that for a greasy feed at the caif—and we'll go up there and have a Sunday-school picnic."

I knew that my friend Bill was not free from guile; I knew that his hospitality to the Young Fellow from the City was not altogether a matter of brotherly love. I was paying him for his time; in all I paid him for six hours (including the lunch hour!) at what was then a terrific price. But he was no more dishonest than I, who charged the whole thing up to the Firm, and it would have been worth paying him myself to have his presence. His country serenity, his natural wisdom, was a refreshing bath to the city-twitching youngster. As we sat on the hilltop, looking across orchards and a creek which slipped among the willows, he talked of New Mullion, gave a whole gallery of portraits. He was cynical yet tender. Nothing had escaped him, yet there was nothing, no matter how ironically he laughed at it, which was beyond his understanding and forgiveness. In ruddy color he painted the rector's wife who when she was most in debt most loudly gave the responses at what he called the "Episcopalopian church." He commented on the boys who came home from college in "ice-cream pants," and on the lawyer who, after years of torrential argument with his wife, would put on either a linen collar or a necktie, but never both. He made them live. In that day I came to know New Mullion better than I did the city, and to love it better.

If Bill was ignorant of universities and of urban ways, yet much had he traveled in the realm of jobs. He had worked on railroad section gangs, in harvest fields and contractors' camps, and from his adventures he had brought back a philosophy of simplicity and laughter. He strengthened me. Nowadays, thinking of Bill, I know what people mean (though I abominate the simpering phrase) when they yearn over "real he-men."

We left that placid place of orchards and resumed the search for Oliver Lutkins. We could not find him. At last Bill cornered a friend of Lutkins and made him admit that "he guessed Oliver'd gone out to his ma's farm, three miles north."

We drove out there, mighty with strategy.

"I know Oliver's ma. She's a terror. She's a cyclone," Bill sighed. "I took a trunk out for her once, and she pretty near took my hide off because I didn't treat it like it was a crate of eggs. She's somewheres about nine feet tall and four feet thick and quick's a cat, and she sure manhandles the Queen's English. I'll bet Oliver has heard that somebody's on his trail, and he's sneaked out there to hide behind ma's skirts. Well, we'll try bawling her out. But you better let me do it, boy. You may be great at Latin and geography, but you ain't educated in cussing."

We drove into a poor farmyard; we were faced by an enormous and cheerful old woman. My guardian stockily stood before her and snarled, "Remember me? I'm Bill Magnuson, the expressman. I want to find your son Oliver. Friend of mine here from the city got a present for him."

"I don't know anything about Oliver and I don't want to," she bellowed.

"Now you look here. We've stood for just about enough plenty nonsense. This young man is the attorney general's provost, and we got legal right to search any and all premises for the person of one Oliver Lutkins."

Bill made it sound terrific, and the Amazon seemed impressed. She retired into the kitchen and we followed. From the low old range, turned by years of heat into a dark silvery gray, she snatched a sad iron, and she marched on us, clamoring, "You just search all you want to—providin' you don't mind getting burnt to a cinder?" She bellowed, she swelled, she laughed at our nervous retreat.

"Let's get out of this. She'll murder us," Bill groaned and, outside: "Did you see her grin? She was making fun of us. Can you beat that for nerve?"

I agreed that it was *lèse majesté*.

We did, however, make adequate search. The cottage had but one story. Bill went round it, peeking in at all the windows. We explored the barn and the stable; we were reasonably certain that Lutkins was not there. It was nearly time for me to catch the afternoon train, and Bill

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drove me to the station. On the way to the city I worried very little over my failure to find Lutkins. I was too absorbed in the thought of Bill Magnuson. Really, I considered returning to New Mullion to practice law. If I had found Bill so deeply and richly human, might I not come to love the yet uncharted Fritz Beineke and the Swede barber and a hundred other slow-spoken, simple, wise neighbors? I saw a candid and happy life beyond the neat learnings of universities and law firms. I was excited, as one who has found a treasure.

But if I did not think much about Lutkins, the office did. I found them in a state, next morning; the suit was ready to come to trial; they had to have Lutkins; I was a disgrace and a fool. That morning my eminent legal career almost came to an end. The Chief did everything but commit mayhem; he somewhat more than hinted that I would do well at ditch-digging. I was ordered back to New Mullion, and with me they sent an ex-lumber-camp clerk who knew Lutkins. I was rather sorry, because it would prevent my loafing again in the gorgeous indolence of Bill Magnuson.

When the train drew in at New Mullion, Bill was on the station platform, near his dray. What was curious was that the old dragon, Lutkins's mother, was there talking to him, and they were not quarreling but laughing.

From the car steps I pointed Bill out to the lumber-camp clerk, and in young hero-worship I murmured: "There's a fine fellow, a real man."

"Meet him here yesterday?" asked the clerk.

"I spent the day with him."

"He help you hunt for Oliver Lutkins?"

"Yes, he helped me a lot."

"He must have! He's Lutkins himself!"

But what really hurt was that when I served the summons Lutkins and his mother laughed at me as though I were a bright boy of seven, and with loving solicitude they begged me to go to a neighbor's house and take a cup of coffee.

"I told 'em about you, and they're dying to have a look at you," said Lutkins joyfully. "They're about the only folks in town that missed seeing you yesterday."

Stinnes—and Stresemann

By JEROME LACHENBRUCH

Berlin, July

"YOU must always remember that Mr. Stinnes is a modern business man"—that was the reply of one of his "factory scouts" with whom I once shared a railroad compartment, when I asked if Hugo Stinnes was a patriot.

Hugo Stinnes is said to have more power in shaping the policies of his country than had the former Kaiser. His interests include a large steamship company, mines, oil-wells, innumerable factories, hotels, newspapers, and banks. Yet he remains a riddle.

Now "a modern business man" may act to the mutual profit of himself and his countrymen, or he may act to their disadvantage and his own personal gain. Evidence is accumulating that Hugo Stinnes's power is a menace to the welfare of the German people. As the largest individual representative of the industrial interests of Germany, a member of the Reichstag, and a newspaper owner, Stinnes is constantly consulted in the formulation of government plans. Even during the war, his ideas were influential enough with the war leaders to result in the prolonging of the war after many leaders, the Kaiser and the Crown Prince included, had become convinced that a definite Germany victory was no longer possible. His annexation policy, his desire that Germany retain Belgium and the mines in Northern France, had much to do with sidetracking peace by negotiation in 1917.

When the German army collapsed in 1918, the mark grew weaker. Many industrialists in Germany found themselves financially embarrassed. Stinnes, always forehanded, disposed of some of his properties in Lorraine, and with his confederates began a buying campaign in Germany, purchasing factories, mines, landed estates, wooded tracts, and other properties. The constantly decreasing value of the mark has made it possible for Hugo Stinnes to continue his purchasing, for he buys at one real value and pays later in depreciated currency. The number of marks paid is the agreed price, but the value of the marks paid has depreciated between the date of purchase and that of payment.

After the Spa conference in 1920 failed to bring French and German big industry together the two nations worried along grumblingly until an attempt was made by Mr. Stinnes to appease the French industrialists through the compact known as the Stinnes-Lubersac agreement. Under the terms of this agreement, the German government was to deliver raw materials to the French through a Stinnes concern, the Hoch und Tiefbau Gesellschaft, for reconstruction in northern France. The Hoch und Tiefbau Gesellschaft acted as purchasing and forwarding agents and received a 6 per cent commission on millions of dollars worth of materials delivered across the border. But Germany's ability to deliver was waning, and this agreement proved to have come too late to save Germany from a direct seizure of properties within her borders.

Mr. Stinnes had nothing to lose but his commissions. So, in his propaganda he supported the passive-resistance groups and advocated, not too loudly, opposition by the Ruhr workingmen to the French invasion. The Stinnes press helped stiffen the resistance. It has been estimated that he controls 90 per cent of the newspapers and periodicals of the country, though this estimate is perhaps exaggerated. If his control extends to 40 per cent he still controls a tremendous body of public opinion. Consequently, every proposal of the Government must take Stinnes's power into consideration. His opposition can devitalize the best intentions of the Government. On the other hand, his inside information of the Government's plans gives him an advantage over smaller industrialists.

Recently, within the ranks of Stinnes's party, the Deutsche Volkspartei, the political expression of big business, a difference of opinion as to how the Ruhr conflict should be met has arisen. The official leader of the party, Stresemann, believes that the Ruhr question should be settled immediately, and that whatever terms or forms that settlement takes should be carried out at once. Stinnes, as a patrioteer, is all for continuing the passive resistance. It is the same policy as he advocated in regard to Belgium.

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Stresemann represents the middle-sized industries of Saxony; and the owners of these smaller industries realize that, with a continued absence of cheap coal and other raw materials, they cannot continue to hold out much longer. Their properties must eventually be sold. There are two groups of interests strong enough to absorb them. One is represented by Stinnes; the other is headed by the German General Electric Company, the Hamburg-American Line, and Otto Wolff. Both are buying up German industries. Their foreign holdings and connections give them a solid foundation that enables them to command the use of stable foreign moneys. In the present situation in the Ruhr, Stinnes's political position is not unlike that of the monarchist, or German Nationalist party, but for different reasons. "Don't give up the Ruhr," is their motto. It is a patriotic slogan and looks well in print. Furthermore, as long as the Government subsidizes the Ruhr industrialists so that their workingmen may be paid a nominal wage, a wage that is far below any known standard minimum wage, the owners of the Ruhr properties can afford to wait.

A recent business deal in Upper Silesia sheds light upon Mr. Stinnes's business acumen. Most of Upper Silesia, after the plebiscite which resulted in a German majority, was given to Poland. Poland has become a foster-child of France, and consequently German industrial interests are not as safe there today as a few years ago. Recently two large Stinnes enterprises in Upper Silesia were taken over by the Deutsch-Oesterreich Alpine-Montagne Gesellschaft, an Austrian organization, and new stock was issued. This stock has been placed in the hands of a syndicate which includes the large French industrialist, Schneider-Creusot, and it is not now likely that the Stinnes holding in Polish Silesia will be disturbed. They have the protection of the French industrialists with the French army behind them.

That Hugo Stinnes, as well as all large industrialists, has profited by the decline of the mark, is beyond question. The government has made it impossible for them *not* to profit. A year ago, the mark stood at about 300 to the dollar. It now stands at 3,000,000 to the dollar. Taxes are paid yearly, and in depreciated paper marks, not in the equivalent of gold values. The tax on profits earned, let us say, in June, 1922, when the mark was quoted at 300, is paid in 1923 with marks that are worth about one ten-thousandth of what they were at the time the profits were earned. Toward the end of 1922, the mark had already gone up into the thousands; and so, for this period, a larger percentage of taxes was obtained by the Government than for the earlier months of 1922. Still, the actual gold value of the money the Government has collected for the year 1922 is infinitesimal compared to what it would have been had the Government devised some method of computing taxes on business profits based on the gold value of the profits, at the time these profits were earned. Now, when the German treasury is practically empty, conferences are being held to see what can be done about revising the taxation laws so that big industry will pay its share.

A large-factory owner in Berlin told me that his tax bill for 1922 amounted to about 1 per cent of his net profits. Besides this, the Government collects a tax on the year's turn-over, amounting to 2 per cent of the total business of all enterprises. But as all business taxes are collected at the end of the year, and paid in deflated currency, it is evident that big business does not have to worry about paying enormous taxes. The workingmen, however, pay 10 per cent of their monthly wages every month to the Government. They do not profit by the decline of the mark.

In the pursuit of new properties, it is to the purchaser's interest for the mark to continue on the toboggan. The charge has been made that Stinnes and his business confederates have accelerated this decline in direct defiance of the Government's attempt to stabilize the currency.

The Government succeeded last spring in keeping the mark stationary for about six weeks at the rate of 20,000 per dollar. Confidence began to return to the people. Then, suddenly, the mark took another tumble. The Government could not afford to throw any more of its gold reserves into the market, and the inevitable happened. The mark declined to 30,000, to 40,000, and has kept sliding downward. A new law was passed prohibiting purchase of foreign exchange, save on the Exchange, and also hedging speculation with a great many minor ordinances. The panic that resulted from the somersaulting of the mark led the Government to investigate the cause of the decline. It seemed a clear case of speculative frenzy, and Stinnes was called to tell what he knew about it. The evidence presented showed that the Stinnes firm, on April 12, bid for 93,000 pounds *after the close of the Exchange.* This bid was advertised in banking circles and resulted in the weakening of the market on the Exchange. The Stinnes firm was able to obtain 60,000 pounds of the 93,000 it needed. Mr. Kalveram, its financial director, declared that, during the months when the Government was attempting to stabilize the mark, all the purchases of foreign exchange made by Stinnes were contracted for in the open market, not on the Exchange. On the Exchange, it was possible for the Reichsbank to meet the demands for foreign money when no other sellers appeared, and so satisfy demands at prevailing rates. In the open market, after Exchange hours, the Reichsbank could have no supporting influence. Hence the Stinnes action effectively sabotaged the Reichsbank's supports of the mark. In March Stinnes had written to the Minister of Finance, Dr. Hermes: "I have such strong doubts as to the efficacy of this type of foreign exchange politics that you may expect extreme measures from me, if I do not directly oppose them."

With the tremendous power at his command, a power that many German journalists have already characterized as playing ducks and drakes with the best intentions of the Government, Hugo Stinnes is gradually earning the reputation of a menace to the German people. The workingmen have long hated him because of his demand for a longer working day. Not many months ago Stinnes announced that reparations could be paid only if the workingmen worked harder and longer. The workingmen were to pay the reparations out of their starvation wages.

In highly skilled industries in America, where wages are high and the percentage relation between labor cost and total production cost is higher than in Germany, it has been found poor business to work more than eight hours because fatigue reduces productivity. In Germany, however, wages are so pitifully low that, even with a fatigue period entering after eight hours, the employer would still reap a rich profit from the labor of his employees. Mr. Stinnes's propaganda department advertises to all Germany and to the rest of the world that he works from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. Mr. Stinnes at least knows what he gets out of his work; but what the workingmen in big industry in Germany get "is something else again, Mawruss," as Montague Glass has told us again and again.

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The Gallic War in Rhode Island

By ROBERT C. DEXTER

WITH the adjournment of the Rhode Island Legislature in June the second chapter in a battle centering around the question of language in the schools was brought to a close. For forty years Rhode Island has had on her statute books legislation making compulsory the teaching of the English language in all the schools of the State, public and private. For an even longer time she has had pouring into her manufacturing centers thousands of foreign mill operatives. The largest element among them has been the French-Canadians, who constitute today over one-sixth of the population of the State. These French-Canadians have struggled to keep themselves a separate group, untouched by any assimilative tendency. The present conflict had its origin in the report of a Commission on Public School Finance and Administration made to the Assembly in 1922. The particular clause which was objectionable to the French element was the following:

> The State Board of Education shall approve a private school only when it appears that the period of attendance of the pupils in such schools is substantially equal to that required by law in the public schools, *that the instruction in such schools*, except foreign languages and any studies not taught in the public schools, *is in the English language*, that such instruction is thorough and efficient.*

The italicized statement had been embodied in previous laws, but the crux of the situation was that control was now placed with the State Board, instead of being left to local school committees as hitherto. This provision, together with most of the other recommendations of the commission, came before the Assembly on motion of Representative Peck, and the resulting legislation is known as the Peck bill. The English-language requirement and the transfer of approval to the State Board were bitterly fought in the lower house. Representative Toupin, Democrat, now Lieutenant-Governor, moved an immediate amendment to strike out the English requirement; Representative Miette (now judge of the District Court of Woonsocket) moved to strike out the section giving the right of approval to the State Board.

In 1922 the Rhode Island House was Republican, and since the opponents of the bill, Toupin, Miette, and Flynn (now Governor of the State), were Democrats, it became a party measure and passed the lower house with a party majority. In the Senate in 1922 it met practically no opposition.

The Peck bill, with this provision for the compulsory teaching of English and State supervision, was then sent to Governor Sans Souci, a Republican of French extraction. Governor Sans Souci was in a predicament. All sorts of influences were brought to bear on him to veto the bill, but it was a strictly party measure sponsored by his own party. The State law holds that a governor approves a bill *ipso facto* if he does not veto it within ten days after the legislature adjourns. Governor Sans Souci waited twelve days and then vetoed the Peck bill, holding that there were two Sundays in the interval and that he was thus within his rights in so doing. The Board of Education, through its assistant commissioner, Dr. Charles Carroll, took the matter to the Supreme Court of the State, and obtained a decision that the veto was unconstitutional. The Peck bill thus went into effect on May 1, 1922.

One suggestive feature of this period of the conflict is that Monsignor Blessing, the representative of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Rhode Island, was in consultation with the members of the commission that was framing the bill, and expressed his approval. Furthermore, Dr. Carroll is a member of the Catholic communion. It could not thus be considered that the opposition to the bill was strictly or even mainly on religious grounds, although its opponents attempt to place it thereon.

The opponents of the English language were not beaten. "Le Bill Peck" was made a feature of the campaign of November, 1922, and the fires of race hatred and race ambition were stirred to the depths. As a result of this and other political factors, the normal Republican majority in Rhode Island was overturned by a sweeping Democratic victory, and the French vote was an essential element in the outcome.

This election made Mr. Flynn, an opponent of the bill, Governor, and Mr. Toupin, the leader of the opposition, Lieutenant-Governor, and it also gave the French element and their friends a large majority in the lower house. The Senate kept a very small Republican majority.

As soon as the new House assembled, Representatives Lamarre, of Pawtucket, and Belhumeur, of Woonsocket, introduced House Bill 699, nullifying the provisions of the Peck act so far as State supervision of private schools is concerned, and removing the mandatory teaching of the English language in such schools. School committees were authorized to approve private schools when the "period of attendance of the pupils or the teaching of the English language and of any studies in such schools is substantially equal to that required of a pupil attending a public school." The particular difficulty there is with the conjunction "or." The placing of approval with the local school committees, however, in many cases largely or entirely French in composition, would nullify the whole purpose of the Peck act. The original bill was later modified, to the extent of providing for the teaching of "reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, the history of the United States, the history of Rhode Island, and the principles of the American government" in English. The revised bill, however, definitely stated that other subjects than those mentioned might be taught in any language other than English, and insured to private schools the absolute right to teach languages other than English. In this form, the bill passed the lower house by a large majority.

Meanwhile, considerable opposition to the Lamarre-Belhumeur bill had developed in the community and an aggressive campaign led by the Providence *Journal* and the Providence *Tribune*, the League of Women Voters, and the Board of Education was waged against its passage. Such organizations as the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Council of Women, the Ladies of the Grand Army, the Unitarian Lay-

*The Rhode Island law requires all children between six and fifteen years of age either to attend a public school or to receive approved private instruction.

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men's League, the Federation of Women's Clubs of the State, and the American Legion all passed resolutions condemning the weakening of the State's educational and Americanization policy, which the passage of this bill involved. The French societies and the French clergy were equally active on the other side. The Peck act was depicted as a Ku Klux measure, and the assistant secretary of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, the strongest Canadian fraternal order in America, was retained as legislative counsel for the proponents of the new bill.

In the Senate the bill was sent to the Judiciary Committee for action. This committee decided that it would not report the bill to the Senate as a whole. The French-Canadian interests then brought pressure to bear on the Senate, and a motion was made to discharge the committee. This motion was lost by only two votes. However, it was lost, and when the Assembly adjourned the bill had not been presented to the Senate, and thus did not become law.

The French group are by no means through, however, They are sharpening their weapons for the next conflict, which will come during the ensuing elections and at the next session of the Assembly. They state that they will not remain satisfied until the provisions of the Peck act, providing for teaching in English and particularly for the enforcement of that provision by the State Board, are repealed. It is the possible enforcement which worries them most. They admit that they do not fear that the present board has any intention of interfering with their institutions, but they are fearful of the future. They intend to see to it that their young people remain French-Americans. They not only do not fear the hyphen; they glory in it, and are using every effort to preserve it. The Canadian leaders of Rhode Island have apparently taken to heart the advice of Ferdinand Gagnon, who, in addressing a group of American citizens, advised them to "Be loyal, but remain French-Canadians; loyal (to America), yes; French, always."

Such is the problem which the citizens of Rhode Island, the most densely populated and the most thoroughly foreign State in the Union, are facing.

Song Overheard on the Highway

By ANN HAMILTON

If I had only a hod
To carry up the road
I would be praising God
For such a light load;

Or if I had to lift
Only a pack of stone
I would welcome the gift
Of work to be done.

Oh there's no lusty lad
But can bear stone's weight,
And every man be glad
If a hod be his fate;

So wonder at my breaking—
For how are you to see
There is no leave-taking
Of the heart in me?

In the Driftway

THE Drifter confesses to being almost as liberal-minded as his colleagues the editors of *The Nation*. Particularly in regard to the rights and privileges of woman is he ready to admit that the conventions of the past should no longer be binding. He is willing that the creatures should wear as short skirts and as sleeveless dresses as they desire. He submits, with some compunctions, to bobbed hair and the concomitant shaved necks, and he is willing that women office-workers should come to their offices without hats. He is mildly interested in that change in public taste which permits the most reputable Sunday pictorial supplements to portray our young women bathing marvels in one-piece suits which, when he was a boy, were pictured only in the columns of the *Police Gazette*, hoping that thereby healthful athletic pursuits are being encouraged and that the morbid and prurient curiosity aroused in his sex by undue concealment of the female figure will be eliminated. He has long since abandoned all opposition to the growing use of cosmetics, realizing that they are as old as humanity and as inevitable. Has he not read somewhere that Americans spend yearly more money on cosmetics and chewing gum than on the education of their children?

* * * * *

ALL of which leads up to the observation that there is one place where the Drifter's inborn conservatism makes him draw the line, and that is at the public application of rouge and powder. The original theory of cosmetics was that they should be used so skilfully as to deceive the male animal. If that element of deceit made the use of cosmetics unethical, if not immoral, there was interjected at least an element of art and of skill. You put on your false color so admirably that your innocent type of lover or courtier never suspected it. Of course the French courts in the time of the Louis's and the license of the court of Charles the Second changed all that. Powder came into the open. You authenticated and legitimized it in the white wig; you laid it on thick to make greater the contrast with the obvious rouge, and called attention to both by your beauty spots—originally used to hide defects.

* * * * *

IN more modern times, however, milady has not been supposed to use cosmetics at all. She frequently did, of course, but always in the sanctity of her boudoir or her bedchamber. All that has gone with the arrival of the modern bathing suit whose frank revelations led one young girl to defend the custom of concealing her ears with her hair by explaining that she did it in order to have at least one surprise in reserve for her future husband. Your modern young woman draws out her powder-puff, rouge-box, and lipstick in the subway as readily as in a railway train, a motor, a hotel-lobby, or in her seat in the theater, wishing, apparently, to be as frank as truth, and to let the truth prevail. But not even that defensible policy can placate the Drifter, or make him feel happy when, as the commuter-train draws in to the Grand Central, he sees young and old of the fair sex about him pull out their mirrors and their puffs. For, as they dab, he is invariably beset by the horrible suspicion that the puff has taken the place of soap with many of these young persons, and that it is used to conceal a multitude of lapses just before train-time. The very motions of this swabbing suggest nothing so much as those

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of a cat in the process of cleansing herself—a lick, a pat, a circular stroke, a promise, a lick again.

* * * * *

AT this point the Drifter's office mate looked over his shoulder: "Well, they *are* cats, the hussies!" "Not all of them," replied THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 400 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

The I.W.W. to Warren G. Harding

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The enclosed I wrote last evening. My husband, a Wobbly, said: "Send it to *The Nation*, where it will reach people who need to understand the Wob." I did not change it. It may be a little too strong for you to use. But it's good.

Enemy, you have gone. We do you no wrong to call you "enemy." Indeed, we do you honor. For we are the hated I.W.W.

We were the poles of Society, you and we. You the great reactionary negative; we the revolutionary positive. Nowhere in Science, in History, nor in a horse-shoe magnet have we ever met.

Joe Eads went as quickly. You never knew Joe—he was just an I.W.W. A saw mill got him. Zzz! and out went Joe. . . . You and he may meet out there in the Great Gray Fog. And perhaps you two will argue—Joe loved an argument. You were of about the same age; you will look much alike out there, two gray wraiths—arguing.

You did much to further the revolutionary cause—Warren G. Harding. More than Joe, although Joe was a good traveling delegate.

History moves stately, unhurried, and with a pitiless inevitability. You had a part in the great drama and you played it well. You had good support—Taft, Hughes, Hoover, Daugherty. Your part was to pull—back. And you did. That "pardon" you gave our boys in Leavenworth, how true to form it was!

Why should anyone be personal? You laid a wreath on the graves of the boys who fell in the battle of Centralia, on your side of the Class War. Perhaps some day you will creep back from the Great Gray Fog and lay a wreath of everlastings on the grave of Wesley Everett. I've always thought that folks go on, Out There.

You loved your dog Laddie. We, too, have loved a dog. I knew a Wobbly once who owned a dog, and when this Wobbly fellow would hop a freight this dog would hide from the railroad "bulls" and then sneak along under the cars to where his master, riding the rods, would reach down and gather him up. Perhaps you and Joe will have a dog apiece out there, for I've always thought that dogs go where men go. You and Joe; it makes me smile to think how much you'll look alike out in the Fog; just gray wraiths you'll be—Out There.

Fate cuts her capers. That you should go in California and so close to San Quentin that shelters so many rebels—was it irony?

Well, Warren G. Harding, you've gone. The nation will do you honor. Rockefeller and Gompers and all the rest will send you flowers. What shall we send, we lumber-jacks, mule-skinners, harvest hands, sailors, workers in dirt—I.W.W.? We were never personal about this business. War is War. Events are Events. And Men are Pawns. You were a man who loved his dog. So what shall we send you—something that you may take with you out into the Great Gray Fog? Warren G. Harding—Our Pardon.

Seattle, Washington, August 4 CATHERINE HOUGHTELING

Mr. Townley and Magnus Johnson

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am writing you briefly to say that your article on "Minnesota, the Nonpartisan League, and the Future" contains at least one big mistake. In the article it is stated: "Mr. Townley seems to have thrown such influence as was left to him in Minnesota against Magnus Johnson." Now this is certainly entirely wrong, for Mr. Townley was for me in the campaign; in fact I might say that he was one of the men who was most anxious for me to file. The Nonpartisan League is still the active organization among the farmers, and it is only proper to say that had it not been for the Nonpartisan League we could have won no victory on July 16.

I am sorry that your otherwise splendid magazine should have published this erroneous statement. It has given people a very wrong idea as to the situation in the State.

Minneapolis, August 15 MAGNUS JOHNSON,
United States Senator

Cutting Gasoline Prices

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The action taken by the Governor of South Dakota to force down the price of gasoline will temporarily benefit the consumer, but in the final analysis the Standard Oil group will emerge from the fray stronger than ever. A drop in the price of crude oil will most certainly follow so drastic a cut in the price of the refined product. Such a drop will place in financial straits many small producers who are just hanging on by their eyebrows, and the Standard will come to their "rescue" indirectly, and purchase their holdings at the Standard's own figure.

The Standard "courts competition"—for public consumption, but in reality there is no competition in either the crude or refined oil industry. As an illustration: Some two years ago Kentucky crude had a ready market at around $5 a barrel, and drilling became very active, which resulted in the discovery of a number of valuable oil pools by independent companies. Operators in general were happy and growing prosperous. Suddenly the price of crude hit the toboggan and slid down to about a dollar a barrel. When the smoke cleared away, the discovery was made that the Standard group had gathered into its net such properties as it desired, and at its own figure. The price then began to advance, is now around $3.00 a barrel, and will probably keep advancing locally until venturesome spirits open up other new fields for the Standard to acquire by again dropping the price of crude.

The Governor of South Dakota will momentarily be hailed by flivver owners and the uninitiated as a great benefactor of the human race. But where is the Governor going to get gasoline to keep the price down? Surely not from the Standard Oil Company or any of its affiliated companies. If not there, where then? Independents cannot supply the demand if they would, and there is no independent who is avariciously inclined that dares to buck the Standard. The Standard has taught these so-called independents many a lesson that they know to be vital to their continuous and prosperous existence. They take their cue from the market quotations of the crude and refined product, and all operators and refiners know whence these emanate.

A disregard of these quotations often spells disorder to those who are so foolhardy as to violate them. In Los Angeles some ten years ago ten or twelve independent refiners of crude oil undertook to buck the Standard. The Standard met the independent cut until the wholesale price of gasoline to filling stations dropped to 9 cents a gallon. The independents then got together and formed a price-boosting association. This

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bright idea was submitted to the Standard's local manager and approved. On a certain Monday morning the price was to be boosted one cent a gallon, and similar boosts were to follow at reasonable intervals until the price had reached "all the traffic would stand." The independents had their filling-station bulletins reprinted for the great event, and advised their customers to "fill up" prior to the coming price boost. You can imagine the consternation in the camp of the independents when they awoke on this eventful Monday morning and found the old price cut half a cent a gallon at all Standard filling stations. The Standard's local manager "explained" that he had received orders from San Francisco to make the cut too late to notify the independents, some of which went to the wall, while the lesson it taught the others will never be forgotten.

Well, what are we going to do about it? Nothing whatsoever so long as we permit ourselves to be governed by a clique of plutocrats and nonproducers.

New York City, August 14 F. H. ALLEN

Mill on Marriage

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit an admiring reader of both Mr. Mill and Mr. Lewisohn to point out an extremely misleading statement in Mr. Lewisohn's review of Mill's "Essay on Liberty," which he evidently read more enthusiastically than accurately. In Mr. Lewisohn's review (The Democrat's Handbook, *The Nation*, July 4) the reviewer says of Mill:

> Regarding "all restraint *qua* restraint as evil" he pleads for the right of man to break all engagements that have become devoid of inner meaning and survive as mere forms, and hence asserts that "the most important of these engagements, marriage, having the peculiarity that its objects are frustrated unless the feelings of both parties are in harmony with it, should require nothing more than the declared will of either party to dissolve it."

If you will consult the text of Mill's "On Liberty," Chapter V, you will find that this statement is *quoted by Mill from Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt*, and that so far from sharing Von Humboldt's view Mill proceeds to refute it by the following argument:

> When a person, either by express promise or by conduct, has encouraged another to rely upon his continuing to act in a certain way—to build expectations and calculations, and stake any part of his life upon that supposition—a new series of moral obligations arises on his part toward that person, which may possibly be overruled, but cannot be ignored. And again, if the relation between two contracting parties has been followed by consequences to others; if it has placed third parties in any peculiar position, or, as in the case of marriage, has even called third parties into existence, obligations arise on the part of both the contracting parties toward those third persons, the fulfilment of which, or at all events the mode of fulfilment, must be greatly affected by the continuance or disruption of the relation between the original parties to the contract . . . A person is bound to take all these circumstances into account before resolving on a step which may affect such important interests of others; and if he does not allow proper weight to those interests, he is morally responsible for the wrong.

Mill's rationalization of fidelity to the marriage vow is especially interesting to readers of his "Autobiography," who will remember that for over twenty years before his marriage to Mrs. Taylor, with whose advice and inspiration he wrote the "Essay On Liberty," he had loved her "in a relation of strong affection and confidential intimacy only. For though we did not consider the ordinances of society binding on a subject so entirely personal, we did feel bound that our conduct should be such as in no degree to bring discredit on her husband, nor therefore on herself." (Autobiography, Chapter VII.)

I trust that The Democrat's Handbook will be no less safe for democracy because of this evidence that its author belongs among the virtuous Victorians.

Mills College, California, July 6 LUCY LOCKWOOD HAZARD

Books

Red Man or Mongrel White?

Old Indian Trails. By Walter McClintock. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

The Red Man in the United States. Made under the direction of G. E. E. Lindquist. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

"WE are not moving; we are just standing still. The buffalo are all gone, the antelope and the rest of the game also. The white men continue to drive us toward the setting sun; but now the Rocky Mountains face us like a wall and we can go no farther. I do not care for myself; I shall soon go to the Great Spirit. But I am anxious for our little children; I know not what will become of them." So spoke Mad Wolf to his people, at the end of a great Sun Dance, some twenty-five years ago. Those who have seen his descendants, war-dancing at hotels in Glacier Park and swearing in the ready tourist as blood brother, should read this beautiful and Arcadian story by a genuine white son of the tribe, adopted before the free life in the nomadic hunting lodge had quite passed away. Mr. McClintock, we understand, is now a State historian, but the quality of his record of Blackfoot customs, ceremonies, folk tales is anything but dry as dust. An instinctive kinship with the Indian world surely led him to Mad Wolf's tipi. Somehow he helps us to see, as in a crystal, a race of beings of another substance than our own, allied to trees and streams and animals, and, as animals and forests, nourished generically by some primordial life-stream very different from the highly distilled fluid that runs in white man's veins. If New York were enveloped and destroyed by an alien army, many individual New Yorkers would survive and recreate a new personal life. Looking into McClintock's crystal, I see that when the Blackfoot were surrounded, it was as if the lumbermen had taken possession of a mountain side; the great trees fell, the pristine sap flowed away, and there remained only a scarified surface and a scrub growth which could never again aspire to be virgin forest.

With scrub growth the Indian historian of the twentieth century has largely to deal, and "The Red Man in the United States" may inaugurate an era in which the present hybrid social and economic life of our wards will receive more attention than their legendary past. This survey is not a work of science. It is written with a definite bias and propagandist aim —the Protestant Christianization of all Indians. But it does contain a formidable array of facts. Let us look at the Blackfoot. He lives today on a reservation in northwestern Montana, with certain Piegans and Bloods of the same confederacy, 3,007 in all, of whom 220 are citizens. A large proportion of the land has been allotted, but most of the irrigable tracts are leased to white men (450 on the reservation) at low rentals, and are in any case "of very little use to the Indians, on account of the expense involved in irrigation, and the distance to be traveled." Loan sharks are also obtaining much land by foreclosure; oil prospecting is going on. The tribal herd of cattle is diminishing, rations have been issued for two years, "poverty is almost universal." In the generous days of the tipi, it seems that chiefs had several wives to aid in the dispensing of hospitality. Now "marriage laws are generally observed." But housing conditions are "unsatisfactory." Ten per cent of the population have tuberculosis, and 25 per cent trachoma. "By way of amusement" five dance-halls, two movie-houses, three pool-rooms, and Indian dances, held twice a month, help to "keep alive the old superstitions" and maintain 25 per cent of the Indians "under the influence of the old religion." Crime is increasing, gambling is common, alcohol and prostitution prevail in Browning (the white town). But "school facilities are ample" and there are Presbyterian, Methodist, and Catholic missions.

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Such facts, says Mr. Lindquist, tell their own story. We only wish we agreed with him. The interpretation of the editor of the survey, fully in accord with the Indian Bureau, is that, whatever our past failures, we are now, governmentally, on the right track in Indian policy. Absorption is the solution. A little more white-manization, accompanied by complete de-paganization, and the trick is turned. But other groups of Indian experts and altruists hold views diametrically opposed. Compare the "conclusions" of the missionary group with a tentative program of Indian policy recently drawn up by five societies—including two scientific societies—concerned with Indian welfare. "The Red Man" postulates eleven points of needed reform. Seven have to do with Christian propaganda; the other four are gradual advance to full citizenship, suppression of disease, emancipation from harmful practices, notably from peyote and Indian dances, and adequate educational facilities, with enrolment in public schools as ultimate goal. The welfare group also stress the need for an effective health program, but their seven remaining requirements deal with education, industry, land tenure, irrigation, religion, autonomy, and administration along the lines of the development, not the destruction, of Indian race pride. Call into service group and communal loyalties instead of suppressing them, utilize native arts and industries commercially, retain Indian land and water rights in tribal hands, protect native dances, customs, and religious freedom, increase Indian autonomy, create a new attitude toward Indian culture on the part of the Indian's friends and guardians—this is, in substance, their Magna Carta.

What would the Indians themselves say if the programs were put to a vote? We know many who are asking the right to pursue life, liberty, and happiness as their own communal needs and race consciousness demand. Granted that we have, in the case of many Indian tribes, a fairly degenerate stock; even a scrub pine may take a noble height, if the slash is cleared away, and the roots strike deep into native earth.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

A Poet in Prison

Bars and Shadows: Revised Edition. By Ralph Chaplin. Nellie Seeds Nearing. $1.

WHAT must be regarded as a more or less chance mercy has freed the body of Ralph Chaplin from Leavenworth Penitentiary, where he served five years of his twenty-year sentence for having anticipated the conclusions of Woodrow Wilson concerning the economic purpose of the late war. The nine new lyrics in this 1923 edition of his prison poems add to the testimony of the twenty-eight retained from the 1922 edition, that Chaplin's soul continues to walk in the black shadows of those bars. Ralph Chaplin, the rebel, is still in Leavenworth, which did so incomparably much, and so inadvertently, for Ralph Chaplin, the poet.

The growth of this man's poetic gift through the anguish of those five years is startling to those who remember his earlier work, flaming but still unformed. Nearly all the pure propaganda and rhetoric have been burnt out of his writing; he is no longer a revolutionist who writes poetry, but a poet who is inspired by revolution.

The tragic Mourn Not the Dead, the ardent Warrior Wind, have company now in the dreary Rain on the Roofs and the heart-breaking Some Day a Silent Guard. The Villanelle, charming as it is, has no place here; Salaam and one or two others, for all their fine defiance, retain a little of youthful stridency. But most of these thirty-six poems challenge the world of literature as surely as they have already challenged the world of radicalism. The stirring introduction by Scott Nearing to the first edition is retained in the second, and the little volume carries an interesting cover-paper designed by Hugo Gellert, and a symbolic title-page drawing by the poet himself.

Many of the older poems have been reprinted widely, Mourn Not the Dead most of all. One which has not received the publicity its beauty and spirit deserve is To Freedom, which with several others displays Chaplin's use of the sonnet form:

> Up on the "lookout" in the wind and sleet,
> Out in the woods of fir and spruce and pine,
> Down in the hot stopes of the dripping mine,
> We dreamed of you and Oh the dream was sweet!
> And now you bless the felon food we eat
> And make each iron cell a sacred shrine;
> For when your love thrills in the blood like wine,
> The very stones grow holy to our feet.
>
> We shall be faithful though we march with Death
> And singing storm the battlements of Wrong,
> For life is such a little thing to give.
> So we shall fight as long as we have breath—
> Love in our hearts and on our lips a song—
> Without you it were better not to live!

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

Causeries du Dimanche

More Books on the Table. By Edmund Gosse. Charles Scribners Sons. $2.50.

THE characteristics of Mr. Gosse's essays in criticism are so well known that this latest series of critical kit-cats (reprinted thriftily from the columns of the *Sunday Times*) offers small opportunity for novel comment on the part of the reviewer. The suaviter in modo is, as usual, more apparent than the fortiter in re; but the gentility and elegance of manner is not a covering for an entire absence of substance. True, the criticism is not very profound or original, but it is founded upon wide culture, discriminating taste, and a scholarship which though not impeccable is carried without effort or self-consciousness. All these causeries have to do with recently published books, and the subject is dictated by the chance of the publishers' "offering" during the current week. Mr. Gosse's mind flits up and down the centuries, and the range of his interests is so broad as to cast doubt in some cases upon the value and authority of his opinions. One cannot receive in an equally unquestioning spirit pronouncements from a "secular pulpit" upon such widely contrasting themes as "Beowulf" and "Earlham," Rostand and Philostratus. At times Mr. Gosse seems to be feeling his way, delicately and gingerly; at others he chats charmingly in arm-chair fire-side ease.

The passage of years has not a whit dampened his enthusiasm for literature, and he bestows generous yet wisely qualified praise upon the work of "the younger men"; even Proust is not beyond his sympathetic ken. But he is most happy when the weekly book upon his table offers an excuse for an excursion into some half-forgotten corner of the literature of former times. If his remarks are often apt and acute when weighing the merits of, say, Mr. Lytton Strachey or Mr. Percy Lubbock, he is nevertheless more at ease when he writes of Charles Cotton and seventeenth-century burlesque, of Mark Akenside, or of that curious publication "The Oxford Sausage" (for my introduction to which I am grateful to Mr. Gosse). His personal experiences with the English and continental literary world of half a century enable him to draw upon a vast fund of anecdote and *ana*, and in sentences and paragraphs scattered through many of the essays he offers choice bits of reminiscence. He is, of course, at his best when considering a writer with whom he is thoroughly in sympathy (as in the essay on Ste. Beuve), or when attempting the difficult task of appraising the merits of a writer concerning whom the critics have arrived at no final estimate (as in the essay on Leigh Hunt, perhaps the best in this volume).

Mr. Gosse's remarks upon Lamartine's indebtedness to Eng-

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lish literature are somewhat thin, and he gives no evidence of acquaintance with Estève's admirable studies in this field of inquiry. And, like so many English critics, his knowledge of American contributions to literary criticism stands in need of enrichment. Thus, he writes of Browning in France with no apparent awareness of the fact that the same subject has been already treated more authoritatively and with far more documentation in an admirable paper by Professor W. L. Phelps. He says roundly that "no imposing contribution to Browning literature has been produced" during the last twenty years, revealing by the assertion the fact that he does not know the magnificent photographic facsimile of "The Old Yellow Book" issued by the Carnegie Institute. His essay on the Wrenn library is not without value; but to speak of Austin, Texas, as "a small town on the Mexican border" is as though an American should describe the Hebrides as a group of islands situated in the suburbs of London. Mr. Gosse will be interested to learn that it takes twenty hours by train to reach the border from Austin.

With all his urbanity this critic has always been a master of genteel, discreet malice. A method often employed to train kittens not to scratch is to squeeze their paws as soon as they give evidence of that obnoxious habit. Mr. Gosse's paws were manipulated in that fashion at an early age; and through his velvet pads the claws are hardly perceptible. But they are there and are felt on occasion. There is a quiet controlled irony in his review of Mrs. Watts-Dunton's absurd book "The Home Life of Swinburne" that is more dangerous than loud denunciation or raucous laughter. The claws are again unsheathed, barely unsheathed, in the essay on Lord Rosebery. But most of the time they are quite withdrawn, and Mr. Gosse purrs contentedly.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Russian Masters

Talks with Tolstoy. By A. B. Goldenveizer.

Tolstoy's Love Letters; with a Study of the Autobiographical Elements in Tolstoy's Work. By Paul Biryukov. Both translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Virginia Woolf. The Hogarth Press. Each 5s.

Dostoievsky: Letters and Reminiscences. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and J. Middleton Murry. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

". . . remember that art is not everything. . . . In your relations with people it is necessary to try to give them as much as possible and to take from them as little as possible." So the pianist, A. B. Goldenveizer, reports Tolstoi spoke to him. M. Goldenveizer noted many fragments of conversation at Yasnaya Polyana, many brief episodes displaying Tolstoi's superb bodily and mental vigor, his horsemanship, his peasant-like shrewdness applied to a vast reading, the primitive Christian asceticism that made the memory of his youthful excesses a torture. No words than these, however, more closely approach one of the central problems of Tolstoi's life. He was artist in the early Caucasus and Sebastopol works as in the later panorama of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." He was artist even in his exposition of the two aspects of social horror, corrupt luxury and wretched poverty, and his impotence in face of it, contained in "What Is to Be Done?" He was not artist only. Feeling that art cannot truly exist in a corrupt society divorced entirely from the toiling masses, he was reformer too. He foresaw that the Russian upper class, resting dizzily and in sterile self-indulgence upon the backs of the peasantry, indulging themselves in Western European culture that had no derivation from the common people, must eventually be destroyed. Searching for the humanity of the heart and shrewd earthy wisdom, he found it among the peasants to whom his temper and character were in many ways kin. His own position, infected in youth by upper class vices as he felt himself, was an impossible one. Even the homely life and work among peasants he chose at Yasnaya Polyana, he knew to be makeshift only. Did not his family, surrounding him, misunderstand his aims and repudiate his actions? "I live in the wrong way," Goldenveizer quotes him as saying, "and know it is the wrong way, but I have always wanted and tried to live better, only I could not . . ." He foresaw the implications of a freer, saner way of life, without hermetic partition of rich from poor, and imagined the ingenuousness that would be possible for men of letters truly expressing a people's life: "It seems to me that in time works of art will cease to be invented. It will be a shame to invent a story about a fictitious Ivan Ivanovich or Marie Petrovna. Writers, if such there be, will not invent, but will only describe the significant or interesting things which they have happened to observe in life." For most fiction, as M. Biryukov's parallels between Tolstoi's memoirs and novels illustrate, is only the truth slightly displaced.

The theme of simplicity, directness and search for truth runs through Tolstoi's letters to the young girl to whom he was betrothed in his 28th year. The frivolous society to which she was addicted meant death to Tolstoi's struggle: and to that struggle he adhered.

Dostoievski brought to literature much of the human document for which Tolstoi was contending. Dostoievski's poverty and illness, the imprisonment for four years among common criminals, his own weaknesses of gambling and impulsiveness, with the displacement conventional to fiction found expression in his novels. He lacked Turguenev's Poe-like elegance of imagination that came of detachment from existence. Dostoievski was sometimes hasty, and wrote in desperate need to obtain money. Yet the life he knew, had lived and had seen being lived in Russia, flowed unceasingly from his pen. The title of his first book, significant of all his work, was "Poor People."

Dostoievski's letters to Maikov, partly translated before this, and his wife's reminiscences newly englished, recall the human being, appealing in exile for money advances from his publishers, providing for an unworthy stepson even while with wife and infant child he freezes and well-nigh starves in Geneva. The letters develop his credo that culminated in the address on Pushkin delivered in Moscow the year before he died. The address drew together the threads of his faith and of aspects of Tolstoi's faith. Dostoievski, too, saw in the common people the salvation of art and of life. He turned from Western Europe whose collapse he predicted with uncanny prescience in 1880. He was the "queer fellow" whose dream he wrote, imagining gentleness, humanity and lovely people reigning on earth. He denounced the intellectuals who had deplored the institution of serfdom while continuing to live in Paris on the income from their serfs, diverting themselves by publishing radical leaflets. A simple faith and spirit of sacrifice informing the individual life, not intellectual formulas borrowed from without, Dostoievski felt to be the creator and sustainer of a nation. It was to the Russia of Pushkin's Tatiana, the Russia of the common people, and to their Gospel faith that he turned. The address on Pushkin earned for Dostoievski the title of reactionary. Even Tolstoi later remarked to Gorki that Dostoievski had coquetted and gone in for politics. It may be true, moreover, that Dostoievski in the letters to his wife on that occasion, included in the present volume, exaggerated Turguenev's opposition, had an eye to fame and income from the sale of his books. Yet he was contending for a profound truth, one of especial importance to America where the soulless tyranny of business and the machine-sodden mob threaten to reign supreme. He was affirming the primacy of human gentleness, of the faith to be found among the Russian people, as a soil from which all literature might spring, not as an adornment to drawing rooms but as an expression of the people's soul, the only thing that makes a nation.

The present volumes are to be regarded rather as footnotes than contributions of first importance in the record of these lives.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

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War Production and Profiteers

Industrial America in the World War. By Grosvenor B. Clarkson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

THE king of France, with twenty thousand men, marched up a hill, and then marched down again. The Council of National Defense, and its offspring, the War Industries Board, were formed to rope what Mr. Clarkson rightly calls "the wild horses of American economic and political tradition and habit" and to tie them "into a mechanism of purposeful control." When the proposal was first made to General Wood he is reported to have exclaimed, "Three cheers; this is exactly what we need." And so the dollar-a-year men came to Washington. Requirements of the many government bureaus were studied, coordinated, and recoordinated. Sources of supplies were charted. Priorities were issued. Prices were set. The tangle of industrial planlessness was cleared enough so that we could get out the mountains of necessary products with the best fifth of our working population in the army. Billions of profits were made. A slight beginning was marked in the reduction of economic waste. "It was found that almost all industries were encumbered with an unbelievable amount of unexamined tradition, that resulted in duplication of effort, waste of material, and unnecessary expenditure of energy." An example of economy was the partial standardization of coffins, which alone saved at the yearly rate of 35 per cent of labor, 6,000 tons of steel, 285 tons of tin plate, 275,000 pounds of copper, 90,000 pounds of brass, 74,000 pounds of bronze, 70,000 pounds of pig tin, 17,000 pounds of nickel, 2,200 tons of coal, and 212,000 yards of wool fabrics. At length the war was won. It was felt, with the resumption of private and retail death, that a propensity for greater variety in coffins must be encouraged. The wild horses were champing at their bits. So we gave up any attempt at purposeful control, and went back to the wilderness of peace. And the General Woods again said, in effect, "Three cheers; this is exactly what we need."

One would require both the pen of Thomas Hardy and the dictaphone of Bernard Shaw to picture the farce-tragedy of industrial America in the World War. This equipment Mr. Clarkson has not, but his book will arouse many suggestive reminiscences among those who saw intimately what he is pleased to call the "mechanism of purposeful control." The farce consisted in the stubborn stupidity of bureaucrats who would not sing the words of cooperation to the tune of coordination, the efforts to exercise control without authority and authority without control, the appeals to the patriotism of profiteers to set their own prices low enough so that the nation would not break under the strain, the final semi-mastery of the situation by a shrewd and imaginative millionaire speculator. The tragedy lay in the great and heroic attempt to improvise a real national economy through drawing up and executing a plan for production and consumption, followed by the scramble to abandon any plan as soon as the business of living was substituted for the business of killing.

There were substantial reasons why the war-industries machine could not be immediately converted to the uses of peace. One was loss of the purchasing power from the government to thousands of private agencies. Another was the lack of a social state of mind on the part of those business and financial executives whose good-will was, barring a revolution, essential. But in the war experience social scientists will in the course of time find many fruitful hints for an ordered world. Mr. Clarkson is sorry the machine was scrapped, since he wanted to use it to carry on the commercial conflict for foreign trade. Some time enough people may desire to build a similar agency for the welfare of all the citizens so that the idea of planning will be revived. The significance of the experiment is not yet understood, even in a small degree. Anyone reading this book with imagination may understand it a little better.

GEORGE SOULE

The Government of France

French Parties and Politics. By Roger H. Soltau. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

ROGER SOLTAU has done well in seventy-eight pages what others have done blurredly in thick volumes. He has given a succinct sketch of the primary questions which agitate French politics, an illuminating résumé of the history of political parties in the Third Republic, and an estimate of the status of those parties today. In no great country are political lines as confused as in France; Mr. Soltau, unlike some recent American writers who came into post-war France with only an ample stock of war-time prejudices, went to school in France and has a background; unlike M. Poincaré, whose "How France is Governed," intended for French school children, has puzzled many English adults, he has an Anglo-Saxon outlook. His study of the origin of present-day politics in the conflicts of the Dreyfus period and of the persistent importance of the religious issue in French politics is particularly satisfying. He is generally free from partisan prejudice, although he handles the persecution of Caillaux and Malvy with a reserve which seems to be born of fear of offending prejudice. One might wish, in a record which is so contemporaneous, for some hint of the politics behind the neglect of General Sarrail and the succession of Joffre, Nivelle, and Pétain, and one might look for more understanding of post-war syndicalism than Mr. Soltau shows—but these are slight blemishes on a difficult task well done.

L. S. G.

State and Nation

Our Changing Constitution. By Charles W. Pierson. Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

THIS modest volume might well have been submitted as a brief for Rhode Island in the National Prohibition cases. It is written "to point out the change" which has been going on for half a century and more, no less significant in the theory than in the practice of our government. "The idea which constituted its most distinctive feature, and in the belief of many represents America's most valuable contribution to the science of government, is being forgotten. Formed to be 'an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States,' our dual system is losing its duality. The States are fading out of the picture."

The phenomenon has lost much of its novelty, but none of its juristic perplexities or historical anomalies. Witness the legal talent which has supported an anciently respectable theory of our political structure against the onslaughts of modern short-cut politicians who pass such constitutional iniquities as the Sheppard-Towner Act and the Child Labor Act. Or the divergence of opinion which so frequently crops out among the final interpreters of our constitutional theory in the Supreme Court when faced by State laws on the borderline of States' rights.

Mr. Pierson has collected a number of points in an argument against the logical outcome in theory of the growth of national unity since the Civil War. He does it, not blindly or passionately, but quietly, almost regretfully. It is a forensic suitable to the atmosphere of the courtroom; it would hardly catch the ear of the political multitudes. Why argue the constitutionality of the Federal corporation tax (and there are some rather nice points involved, perhaps) when its working is so obviously little more than another failure of a theory of corporation control by government?

The author's discussion of the taxation of State and municipal bonds is a fair index of his viewpoint on all questions close to that line which Mr. Justice Holmes has so aptly said must be "pricked out" by decisions on its opposite sides. "The immunity enjoyed by State bond issues is coming to be regarded less as a safeguard of State rights than as a means whereby the rich escape Federal income surtaxes. One is tempted to

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predict that the next formal amendment of the Constitution will deal with this subject. If so, another inroad will have been made by the general government on the failing powers of the States."

The philosophy of Taney found its practical answer in a new formula of nationalism; "the fear of Federal encroachment, so strong in the minds of the makers of our Constitution" has indeed "become little more than a tradition"—among the people. But it shows no signs of legal decrepitude or forensic sterility. And it is still the refuge of our most far-seeing and open-minded jurists against an increasing flood of laws from our forty-nine sovereign legislatures which in the conflict between expediency and orthodoxy are given "a coating of constitutionality," as Mr. Justice Holmes has well defined it. If it were possible to get even an approximate agreement as to the meaning and content of the doctrine of States' rights among the nine members of the Supreme Court, it would doubtless do as well as any other "legal litmus paper" to test the coating. But like so many other formulas it has as many interpretations as there are interpreters, among whom Mr. Pierson may be numbered well to the Right. He has given us a conservative view of a conservative theory.

PHILLIPS BRADLEY

Books in Brief

The Peterborough Anthology. Being a Selection from the Work of the Poets who have been Members of the MacDowell Colony. Compiled and with an Introduction by Jean Wright Gorman and Herbert S. Gorman. Theater Arts, Inc. $2.

This volume, which contains nearly as much first-rate poetry as can be read in any contemporary anthology, is a profound testimonial to the doctrine that art flourishes in quietude. The "long, cool days among deep green trees" at Peterborough have been and will continue to be responsible for many extraordinary poems, novels, essays, paintings, sculptures, and musical compositions of a sort that cannot be happily produced in cities. At the same time, a few pieces included here are reminders that quiet alone does not create a poet.

Stories, Dreams and Allegories. By Olive Schreiner. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.75.

Nothing that Olive Schreiner wrote is negligible. From this point of view Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner was quite justified in collecting the author's posthumous papers into a book. One feels the woman in her creations. And when all is said and done that is where justification for her work must finally reside. Her naturalism, displayed in a story like "Eighteen-Ninety-Nine," is not of sufficient strength to stand the corrosion of years. Her dreams are mystical to be sure, but without that tremendous volcanic poetry which is the only thing worth while in mysticism. And her allegories—well, these posthumous allegories at any rate—simply do not get across. Nevertheless, a truly emancipated woman years before her time wrote these papers. One feels that in reading her work, and it is sufficient.

American Addresses. By Chaim Weizmann. Preface by Samuel Untermyer. Palestine Foundation Fund.

Both the appalling magnitude of the Zionist task and the inspiring efforts made by Jews the world over in its accomplishment are vividly presented in these concise statements of the material and spiritual problems of Palestine which the president of the World Zionist Organization made to his American constituents. Brief though they are, the speeches are charged with a current of energetic idealism which flashes to the soul of the reader as readily as it communicated itself to the audiences that responded with magnificent enthusiasm.

A Sheaf from Lermontov. Translated from J. J. Robins. Lieber and Lewis. $1.50.

Welcome but exceedingly unskilful versions of some of the most brilliant poems ever written in Europe.

Health Building and Life Extension. By Eugene Lyman Fisk. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

For ten years the Life Extension Institute has been investigating the causes of ill-health, trying to discover how the factory employee can be so fortified against disease that he can work 304 days a year instead of 300. It has long been known that many diseases were preventable, but only in recent years have there been systematic attempts to study the data available. The present book shows the poor physical state of civilized man and indicates how his life span may be increased. From the physical standpoint it is very good, but there is little about the mental causes of ill-health. One chapter purports to deal with psychic trauma and another with psychic apathy, but they are very incomplete. The National Committee for Mental Hygiene should be asked to furnish a section for future editions of this book.

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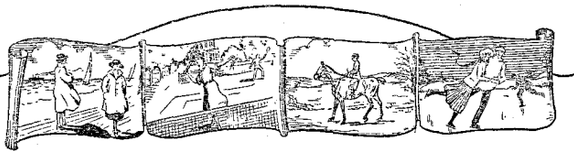

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International Relations Section

The Oil Situation Today

By Herman Silverman

I. Geographic Distribution

With the exception of water, petroleum enjoys a wider distribution than any of the other natural resources. Even a hurried reading of the world's oil map is sufficient to convince us of the lavishness with which nature has given off herself. The entire world is practically covered by a series of circular or rectangular color areas, in red, yellow, black, and blue, that not only denote the presence of this precious liquid, but also indicate the relative importance of each territory.

According to the most trustworthy authorities, petroleum is found in Alaska, Canada, the United States, Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, Trinidad, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, and Argentina. It is hoped that future discoveries will show the presence of oil in Brazil and in Uruguay. All these are in the Western Hemisphere. Europe is not blessed with such great riches. Her principal fields are in Galicia and in Rumania; and oil in smaller quantities is also found in Hanover, Alsace, Italy, Ukraine, and possibly in Hungary. The world must look to Asia for its future oil supply. That continent possesses some of the world's greatest fields: Persia, Mesopotamia, the Caucasus Region, the Dutch East Indies, Mosul, and Burma. There are others, less known, in Siam, China, Japan, and Formosa. Egypt has been the only African contributor. The rest of the continent has remained unexplored and is still a closed book. It has recently been stated in the press that French and British experts are "active" in Northern Africa, but no progress has been reported thus far. Investigations are being conducted in other sections of the Dark Continent. A news item in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* informs us that "The search for oil in the Angola district of Portuguese Africa is about to start under the direction of the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation, which is to have charge of the development work in behalf of a Belgo-American syndicate. A well or two have already been driven, but the work is to be more energetically carried on in the near future.[1] . . ."

II. World Production

The United States is the world's greatest producer of crude petroleum. Before the war, Russia ranked second, but she has since lost ground. Mexico has taken her place, and is now producing twice as much as Russia when the latter was in her prime. The United States supplies two-thirds of the world's oil; Mexico, one-fourth. Out of a total of 688 million barrels—the world's production for 1920—443 million came from the United States, and 160 million from Mexico. In twenty years, the petroleum production of the United States has increased sixfold; 69.4 million barrels for 1901; 210 million barrels for 1910; 281 million barrels for 1915; and 443 million barrels for 1920. Mexico's first million was produced in 1907. Since then the growth in her output has risen at a phenomenal rate. In 1915 Mexico produced 32.9 million barrels, and in 1920 the output jumped to 160 million barrels.

There was a time when Russia threatened the oil supremacy of the United States. That was twenty and some years ago when the Baku oil boom was still in full swing. After 1901, however, production began to decline. Labor trouble invaded the Baku district. Then came the Russo-Japanese War followed by the revolutionary days of 1905. In that year scores of wells were destroyed by the excited mob. The years that followed brought no stability to the oil region. Work was constantly interfered with and production suffered as a consequence. Another war came and brought in its wake a series of revolutions that shook Russia to her very foundation. Oil production figures of these eventful years show clearly what has happened to the industry. From 72.8 million barrels produced in 1916, the output fell to 40.5 million barrels in 1918. The next year was the lowest on record since 1900. Only 25.5 million barrels were produced. Figures for 1920, however, showed a slight improvement.

Two fields are now coming into prominence: Persia and the Dutch East Indies. Persia is but a recent contributor, and production is first recorded for 1917. She made her debut with 6.86 million barrels, and has shown no improvement ever since. The Dutch East Indies, on the other hand, are veterans. Progress is slow but steady. In twenty years they have quadrupled their output, which in 1920 amounted to 16 million barrels.

India has been a steady contributor, but has made little progress in the last few years. Modern machinery and better technique must be introduced before a substantial increase in the yield can be expected. Two more veterans remain: Galicia and Rumania. In the antebellum days these fields supplied a considerable amount of oil. No increase, however, is to be expected. Both territories are well known to the experts, and these do not predict any too brilliant a future. The Rumanian fields had suffered a severe blow during the German invasion. In order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, the wells were destroyed under the direction of Col. Norton Griffith, of the British Army, sent there for that very purpose.

The figures for the world's production show a remarkable increase in the output of petroleum. In 1901 the total amounted to 167 million barrels; in 1905 production rose to 215 million barrels; in 1910 to 328 million barrels; in 1915 one hundred million barrels were added to the previous figure, making a total of 428 million barrels; and in 1920 the recorded yield amounted to 688 million barrels.

III. Future Productivity

This tremendous increase has hardly kept pace with the forever increasing demand. The development of the automotive industry, of the oil-burning merchant marine and railroad locomotive, of oil-using navies, and of a dozen other indexes of modern progress—the development of all these has created a situation that makes it more difficult as time goes on for the supply to keep up with the demand. The entire world has taken to oil as naturally as a fish takes to the water, without any consideration for the future. And already a note of warning has been sounded by one of our ablest writers on this question.

[1] Special to the Business Section, *Public Ledger*, June 25, 1923.

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The advantages of fuel oil for ocean transportation and naval operations have undoubtedly played an important part in determining the policy of Great Britain in acquiring foreign reserves of petroleum, while these factors had also influenced the activities of the United States. The suggestion has been advanced that the growing social consciousness of the coal miners in Great Britain has been an added incentive for an active development of a petroleum supply. At any rate the significance of oil in the maritime field is a sufficient explanation of the world-wide interest that has been taken in oil. The question therefore arises as to whether the world's supply of petroleum is sufficiently great to sustain automotive transportation on land, lubricate the wheels of industry and commerce, and support the revolution in ocean shipping to an oil-burning basis. It is by no means a forgone conclusion that the merchant marine of the world can count upon a supply of oil sufficiently cheap to sustain its operations for more than a relatively brief period of years.

There are approximately 55 million tons of shipping in this world, and, roughly speaking, its entire conversion to an oil-fire basis would require an annual consumption of over 500 million barrels of oil, or nearly the total quantity of petroleum produced today. The universal adoption of Diesel engines would, of course, reduce the unit consumption; but at best the oil consumption would still be of outstanding size.[2]

A preliminary estimate of the petroleum resources of the world had been made by Eugene Stebenger, of the U. S. Geological Survey, the results of which are presented to the reader:

Regions	Approximate Quantity in Millions of Barrels
The United States and Alaska	7,000
Canada	995
Mexico	4,525
Northern South America, including Peru	5,730
Southern South America, including Bolivia	3,550
Algeria and Egypt	925
S. E. Russia, S. W. Siberia, and the Caucasus	5,820
Rumania, Galicia, and Western Europe	1,135
Northern Russia and Saghalien	925
Japan and Formosa	1,235
China	1,375
India	995
East Indies	3,015
Total	43,055

Mr. David White, reviewing the above estimate in the *Annals of the American Academy* of May, 1920, concludes that "these forecasts, or geological guesses, formulated conservatively with the probability that deficiencies will be much more than compensated by excesses, lead one to conclude that there are probably 20 billion barrels of oil available in the world in addition to the 43 billion barrels contained in regions covered by Mr. Stebinger's estimates—or as much in round numbers as 60 billions of barrels in all."

IV. Ownership and Control

The present ownership or control of the world's oil fields is divided between the United States and Great Britain. The first is strongly intrenched in the Western Hemisphere; the second in the Eastern Hemisphere. America is now producing two-thirds of the world's oil, and American interests are practically supreme in the United States, Canada,[3] Mexico, and Peru. According to a table drawn up by J. D. Northrop, only four per cent of the American supply was under foreign control; while nationals of this country control 65 per cent of the Mexican, 70 per cent of the Peruvian, and the entire Canadian output. In addition, American interests are holding substantial blocks in Trinidad, Venezuela, the Central American Republics, and Colombia.

Great Britain easily controls the Eastern Hemisphere. Her position today is not so strong as that of the United States, but the future promises to reverse the situation. The trend of Empire—in so far as oil is concerned—is moving eastward. Through the Royal Dutch Shell, which "represents purely British interests to at least 40 per cent, and whose general policy is as much English as Dutch," England has been able to get a control in "the Dutch East Indies, South Russia, Rumania, Venezuela, Trinidad, Curacao, Egypt, Canada, the United States, Mexico, and the British West Indies." British nationals have made inroads into "French West Africa, South Africa, Algeria, Australia, British West Indies, Canada, Cuba, Cyprus, East Indies, Ecuador, Egypt, Rumania, Trinidad, Turkey, Galicia, India, Italy, Madagascar, Mexico, Morocco, New Guinea, Peru, Syria, Tunis, the United States, Venezuela, and the Russian Empire."[4]

France, Germany, and Japan are entirely eclipsed by the two Anglo-Saxon countries. Germany once controlled the Galician and the Alsatian oil fields. She also held a substantial block in Turkey. Alsace has since gone to France, and Galicia to Poland. In France, oil and gas belong to the state, and no concessions in either are granted unless the majority control is in French hands. Recent news from Poland has thrown no light on the Galician oil situation. The situation in Turkey is no less confusing, for Turkey is now the center of the world's oil conflict. Rumors have it that the control of the former German concessions in Turkey has been transferred to a Swiss syndicate (secretly controlled by them); but who really knows?

Japan has invested mainly in her own territories; that is, in Japan proper and Formosa. The Japanese Government, however, is fully alive to the situation, and no one can predict future Japanese investments in China, Russia, and Mexico. In the latter country, Japanese activity has made itself felt in the provinces of Lower California and Sonora. Japan has also started negotiations with the Soviet Government, and, in spite of hostility from certain quarters, Japanese statesmanship is now drifting toward a recognition of the Soviet regime. But Russia will have to pay for this favor with some concession, the basis of which, I dare say, will be oil.

[2] Pogue: "Economics of Petroleum," 317.

[3] Americans control the refining end of the industry.

[4] From a Congressional Report made by Dr. Van Manning.

Contributors to This Issue

Sinclair Lewis is the author of "Main Street" and "Babbitt."

Jerome Lachenbruch is an American journalist who has been living in Germany for the past two years.

Robert C. Dexter recently resigned from the department of political and social science of Clark University and will be at Skidmore College next year.

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Herman Silverman is a graduate of the Wharton School of Economics of the University of Pennsylvania.

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